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es Jackson Kilpatrick on
THE COURT
S. O'CONNOR WILL JOIN —see page 893

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Articles by:

Edwina S. Campbell and William R. Hawkins

Also in this issue:

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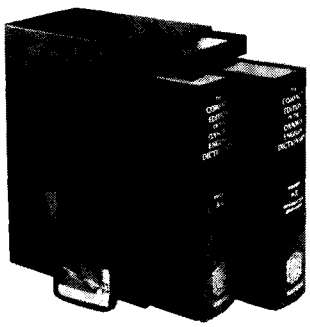

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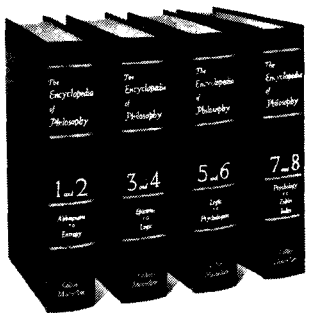

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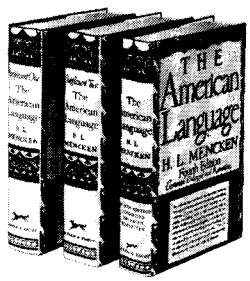

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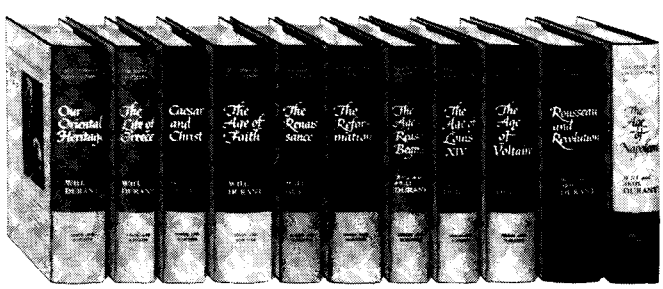

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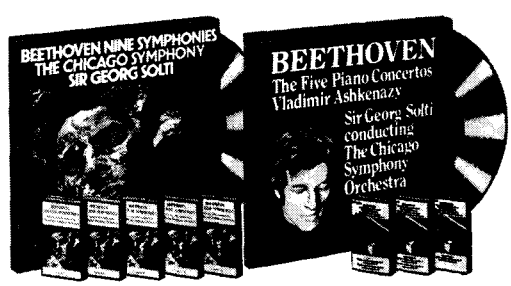
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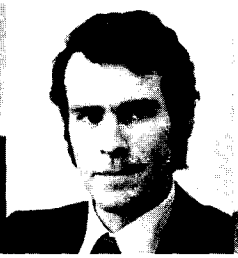

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The EEC has come up with a new Afghanistan "initiative," so subtle it might as well be stupid. *Brian Crozier*

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Young Europeans have forgotten their history and have no vision of the future. Their cynicism is really a mask for a desperate attachment to the status quo, beyond which they dare not aspire. Above all, they hope Eastern Europe won't rise up to demand the liberty they still enjoy. *Edwina S. Campbell*

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It took an FDA order to clear the shelves of cyclamates. Now the Feds can do the job as effectively by innuendo. *Maggie Ledford Lawson*

900 A Break for Poor Parents
Other arguments exhausted, liberal foes of tuition tax credits have come up with a line cunningly suited to the Reagan era: the credits would bust the budget. Hogwash, this. A look at the figures proves the contrary. *Michael Schwartz*

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"There are still huge reserves of American oil left behind in oil fields that were tapped thirty or forty years ago," says Gulf Area Engineer John Shamburger. "In those days, crude was only two or three dollars a barrel, so we would operate an oil well only as long as the oil could be pumped up easily and inexpensively. It made more sense to drill new wells than to squeeze every drop out of old ones."

"In many of these old wells the underground pressure is so low that the oil won't come up without some extra help. The extra help is called tertiary recovery and it's a whole technology in itself. Here at Heidelberg, Mississippi, we started experimenting with it in 1971.

"One way to build up underground pressure is to set fire to some of the oil deep in the earth. That's called fireflooding. It drives the rest of the oil toward the well where it can be pumped to the surface. The improvement can be pretty dramatic. In one case, production increased from one hundred to 2300 barrels per day.

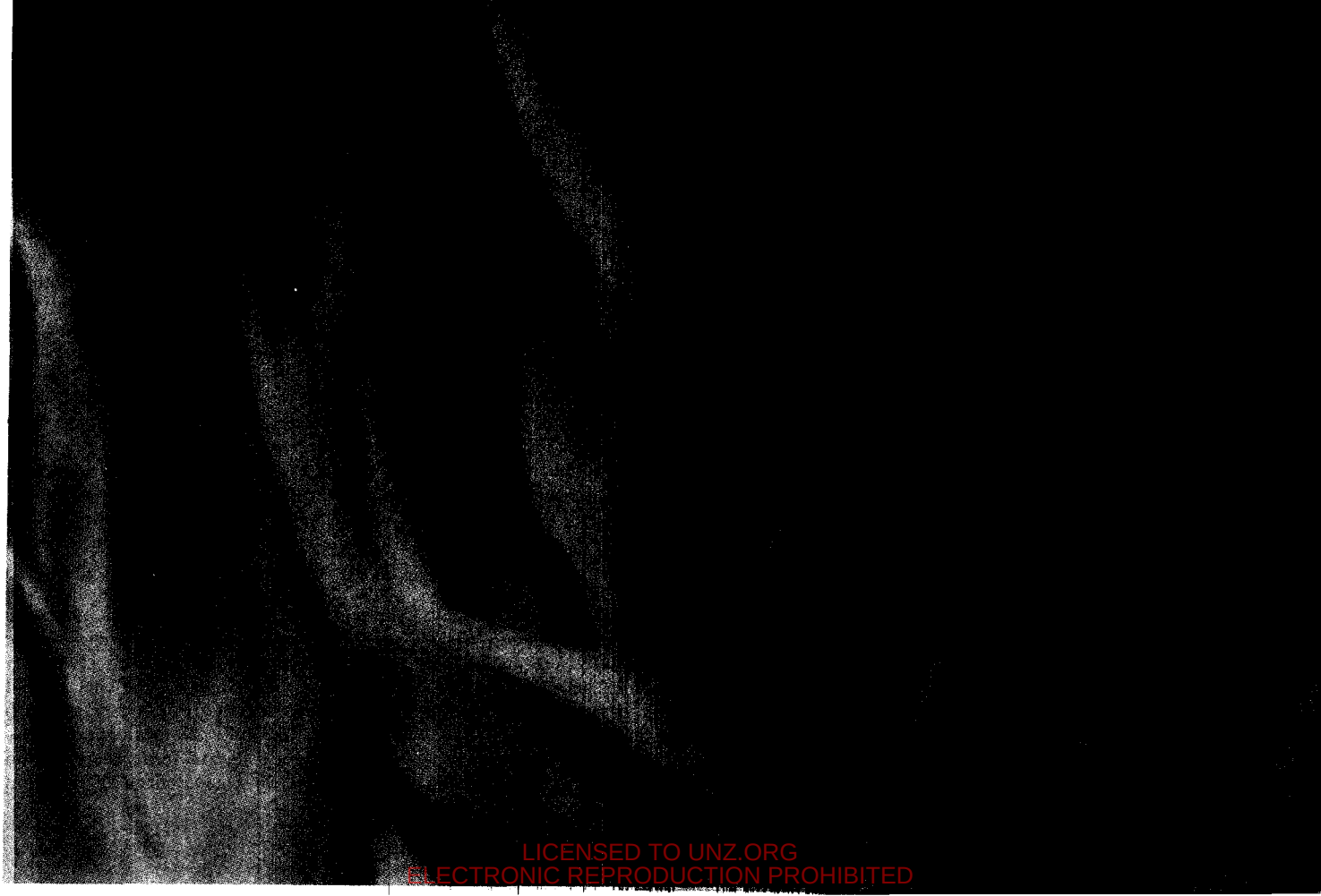
"In other parts of the country with different geology we might use water, steam or chemicals to get the oil flowing.

All over America, Gulf is using one or another of these technologies to get more oil out of old wells. It isn't cheap and it isn't easy, but it is a certain source of middle-term America energy for tomorrow."

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

"Gulf's underground heat treatment gets more oil from old oil wells."



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Letters

Turnabout's Fair Play

Re James Oberg's "The Space Shuttle and Soviet Propaganda" [July 24]: So the Soviets claim to have caught *us* at *their* game! What a turn of events—roughly akin to Tip O'Neill accusing President Reagan of hurting the poor. The Soviets' attempts to accuse the U.S. of the very crime they have long been guilty of borders on hilarity; the Soviet propagandists surely had a lot of fun with this one. But if we are talking about Soviet-American relations, where nuclear war is at stake, one has to wonder: When will the laughing stop?

Jonathan West
Newport News, Va.

Less Dangerous Than Thou

In his defense of the safety of nuclear energy ["King Coal and the Melt-Down Myth," June 12], Bernard L. Cohen has used an increasingly common and disturbing tactic. Bringing the health risks of nuclear energy into perspective is a worthy and reasonable goal, but Mr. Cohen damages his own position and undermines his credibility by using highly questionable data on the health effects of air pollution in order to improve the image of nuclear energy at the expense of the coal industry.

No source is cited for Mr. Cohen's statement that "air pollution from coal-burning is generally estimated to be causing about ten thousand fatalities per year in the United States." To my knowledge, no reliable figures exist on the number of premature deaths, *if any*, which can be attributed to air pollution at present. Equally disturbing was Mr. Cohen's statement that "air pollution, food additives, and other environmental hazards . . . *are generally recognized in the scientific community* as being far more dangerous [than the health effects of radiation]." (My emphasis.) I am unaware of such a consensus of opinion in the scientific community.

However, from a scientific viewpoint, the most objectionable passage in the article is that dealing with the mutagenicity of pollutants from coal-burning. Not only does Mr. Cohen suggest that pollution from coal-burning is currently causing human genetic defects, an allegation for which I doubt he could provide substantiating data, but he goes further to say: "There is not enough information available to make quantitative estimates, but there is no reason to believe that these effects are less than those from the amount of nuclear radiation we are considering." This is not only non-science, it is nonsense. Without sufficient information on the mutagenicity of pollution from coal burning, there is no reason to believe anything one way or the other.

Elizabeth M. Whelan
Executive Director
American Council on Science and Health
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Cohen Replies

The source for the estimate that air pollution from coal-burning is causing ten thousand fatalities per year in the United States is a 1975 publication of the U.S. Senate Committee on Public Works, *Air Quality and Stationary Source Emission Control* (pages 626 and 631), a report prepared by a committee of the National Academy of Sciences. Similar and generally higher estimates are given by Lave and Seskin (*Jour. Am. Statistical Assn.* 68, 284 [1977]), Morgan et al. (*Energy Systems and Policy* 2, 287 [1978]), Finc et al. (*Advances in Environmental Science and Engineering*, McGraw-Hill), Winkelstein et al. (*Arch. Env. Health* 14, 16 [1967]), Wilson (*Health Effects of Fossil Fuel Burning*, Ballinger Press [1981]), and several others; and their viewpoint is strongly supported by a recent study from the Office of Technology Assessment (*The Direct Use of Coal*). There are some, but fewer, studies that give two to ten times lower estimates, and there are a few scientists who maintain that normal coal-burning is essentially harmless. I believe that an opinion poll of experts would result in an average "best estimate" close to my ten thousand fatalities per year figure.

Mrs. Whelan is correct in stating that there is no "reliable figure" available, but in the absence of a reliable figure we must make estimates. Failure to do so results in ignoring harmful effects that are not well understood, such as those from coal, and unfairly penalizes technologies whose dangers are well understood. (Which does not mean that the benefits of using coal, as of using nuclear energy, do not greatly outweigh the risks.)

I fail to understand Mrs. Whelan's objection to my brief discussion of genetic effects. There are certainly plenty of data showing that coal-burning produces abundant quantities of mutagenic chemicals, and there is little question that they can enter the human body through inhalation or oral ingestion, reach the reproductive cells, and cause genetic defects. The only difficulty is in quantifying the effect, and I clearly conceded that this is not now possible, but that does not mean that we can assume the effects are zero. There are no human data on genetic effects of radiation

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either (except for negative evidence), but this is still considered to be a risk.

My statement that "air pollution, food additives, [etc.] are generally recognized in the scientific community as being far more dangerous than radiation from the nuclear industry" is based on many years of intimate contact with the community as one of its members. Note also that estimates of fatalities from nuclear-industry radiation are well below ten per year, whereas estimates from these other sources are generally in the hundreds or thousands per year.

The Blue Ribbon

As a faithful reader of *NR* for some ten years I have come to expect the magazine's feature articles to be of consistently high quality: some good, some very good, some excellent. But Joseph Sobran's "The Party of Compassion" [June 26] is virtually in a class by itself. In its trenchant irony, its general incandescence, its laying bare of the fundamental inconsistencies—nay, self-righteous hypocrisies—of modern liberalism at work it is, in brief, marvelously devastating, perhaps one of the all-time best in your publishing history.

Thomas Hubert
Lake Charles, La.

All the Big Leaguers

As a subscriber to the NATIONAL REVIEW and a reader of journals of opinion from across the political spectrum I have found the *Review* to be an intelligent articulator of the conservative viewpoint.

This respect for your magazine has been greatly diminished by a cartoon by Stan Schneider your editors deemed fit to print ["Help!" July 10] showing a laboratory rat writing Amnesty International. Shame on you! As one who is very familiar with the work which has been undertaken by Amnesty International on behalf of the victims of flagrant human-rights abuses and torture around the world I am absolutely appalled and disgusted by the lack of sensitivity this rather small and hollow-hearted piece of journalism displays for these victims.

By so prominently displaying such a deprecation of Amnesty's mission the NATIONAL REVIEW places itself in some very upstanding company including Leonid Brezhnev, Erich Honecker, Gustav Husak, General Lucas Romeo Garcia, and various other illustrious human-rights abusers around the world. One would have thought you would have been delighted by the pest Amnesty has made of itself in the Soviet Union. Perhaps you should read some of Amnesty International's material before another such editorial gaffe further risks the reputation and credibility of both your magazine and Amnesty International.

Michael J. Ward
Vernon, Conn.

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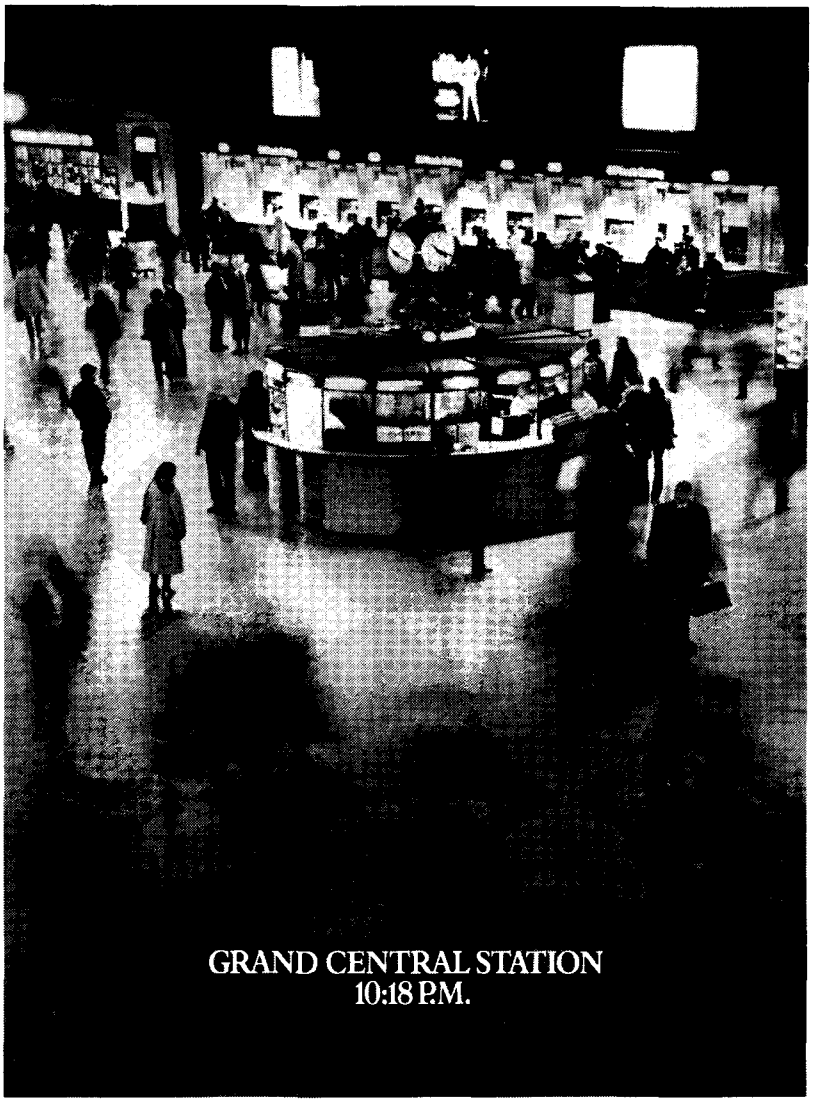
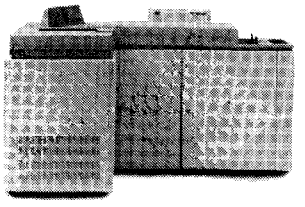


GRAND CENTRAL STATION
10:18 P.M.

The trouble with commuter railroad stations is that they tend to be misleading economic indicators.

Crowded late-night trains are supposed to mean busy executives, soaring output and higher productivity.

Today there are plenty of busy executives, but productivity is anything but higher. In fact, it's fallen during six of the past seven quarters.



All of which illustrates something we've believed for some time: Productivity has less to do with how late people work than how well.

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Today we make advanced machines that not only copy, but also automatically collate, reduce and even staple sets together.

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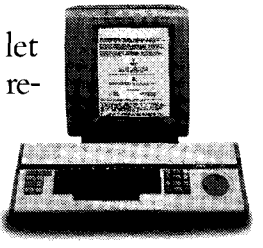

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And a special cable—called the Ethernet cable—that lets office machines work together so that they can literally save businesses millions of dollars in wasted time and effort. We even supply productivity experts to help your people make the best possible use of it all.

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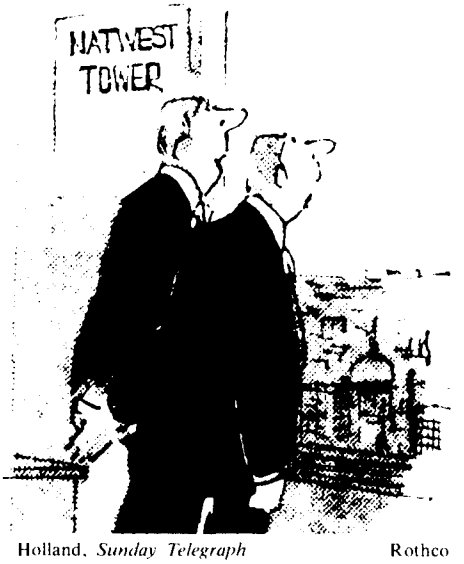
FOR THE RECORD

■ There's something about the man. Remarks *Washington Post* editorial page editor **Meg Greenfield**, according to conventional expectations **Reagan** "is due for a 'slump in the polls' shortly or a 'series of setbacks' or—God knows—maybe even a 'plunge.' But whatever it is, he'd better have it. Otherwise how is he going to be qualified for his 'comeback' in January?" "Reagan may yet slump, slide, be set back, or plunge," she concludes after a lengthy analysis of his mode of governing, "but I don't think he will be like the others. He's too normal for that." . . . **Evans & Novak**, back from Ottawa, report that the Six (the Five really; **Maggie Thatcher** is true blue) were rattled by Reagan. No **Carter** indecisiveness there. Reagan told **Helmut Schmidt** that he should be wary of any deal that would make West Germany too dependent on the Soviet Union for energy (the proposed multi-billion-dollar pipeline to Siberia) and he put the kibosh on highfaluting **Trudeau-Mitterrand** proposals for big-nation funding of Third World economies. . . . Latest **Gallup** shows no slippage in Reagan popularity since early June—it's still at 59 per cent, eight points higher than on Inauguration Day. . . . **Robert Teeter** (of Market Opinion Research) finds Republicans continuing to gain on Democrats among important constituencies: the young, Catholics, Southerners, and Westerners. He attributes this gain to Reagan's personal popularity, public support for his economic policies, and a general improvement in the GOP image. . . . Through shrewd generalship by House Minority Leader **Robert Michel** (Ill.), a Democratic propaganda offensive has been derailed. Michel told his troops to go ahead and vote for a House resolution retaining a minimum monthly Social Security benefit. (It passed 405 to 13, and is not binding.) With thousands of demonstrating older



Holland, *Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"On a clear day you can almost see the end of the recession."

people sweltering outside the Chamber (one poster read: "Congress When My Security Goes, So Does Yours"), the rhetoric inside was equally torrid. Sen. **Russell Long** (D., La.): "These dear old people, including the nuns," should not lose any of their benefits.

■ It's all in the timing. A new, aggressive Democratic National Committee fund-appeal letter (signed by **Daniel Patrick Moynihan**—moderate—and **Morris Udall**—liberal) went into the mails attacking the **New Right**, "which now controls the Republican Party," just as the New Right and the party, as headed by Reagan, came to fisticuffs over Reagan's appointment of Judge **Sandra Day O'Connor**. . . . In appointing Judge O'Connor, says New Right chief fundraiser and publisher of the *Conservative Digest* **Richard Viguerie**, "a challenge has been issued. We either fight this one, or we aren't leaders." . . . **Howard Phillips** of the Conservative Caucus seconds the motion. "No matter how many votes we get [against O'Connor] in the Senate," he says, "the Administration won't make the same mistake next time." . . . A leading anti-abortion advocate in the House thinks it's going to be a walkaway for O'Connor. Her nomination, he says, will pass 98 to 0, with two absentions.

■ Looking ahead: The lefticization of **John Anderson** continues. He will be in the presidential race in 1984, he says, as "the peace candidate." That, he adds, "is the single overriding issue." . . . In Massachusetts, things could be lively for Sen. **Ted** next year. Dr. **Mildred Jefferson**, a black physician and an eloquent opponent of abortion, has just about decided to run for the Republican senatorial nomination. She does not intend to run a single-issue campaign, she says. Massachusetts pols think Kennedy may be in for tougher sailing than he or anyone else now thinks. . . . In Minnesota, things are looking positively jolly for Sen. **David Durenberger** since Attorney General **Warren Spannaus** opted out of the senatorial race. Durenberger's popularity rating is 60 per cent. The Democratic front-runner in race against him is former **Mondale** aide **Mark Dayton**. . . . In California, conservative Republican Congressman **Robert K. Dornan** has launched his senatorial candidacy. "Like **Cortes**, who burned his ships in the harbor, and like **Caesar** at the Rubicon, I'm in this one to stay," he says. So, apparently, are **Barry Goldwater Jr.** and Rep. **Pete McCloskey**.

■ Radio what? Conservative former Rep. **Tom Pauken**, now the head of ACTION, has discovered some passing strange fundings by his predecessor, former peacenik and **McGovern** aide **Sam Brown**. Among them, a grant to **Radio Free Georgia** (no, not theirs, *ours*).

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THE WEEK

■ Latest scientific poop has it that dinosaurs, far from being the "lumbering" creatures of popular stereotype, were actually nimble fellows who could hop about like frogs. They perished only because of Republican cuts in social programs.

■ Labor Secretary Ray Donovan has been widely criticized in the liberal press for not moving to take charge of his agency. But judging from an internal Labor Department study, Secretary Donovan is on top of what counts. Donovan has found that the information burden imposed by Labor Department regulations takes up twenty million man-hours per year. That's a lot of goods and services that aren't produced —because someone is filling out a form instead. The real zinger is the finding that much of the information required is never used, or in fact unusable. For example, the weekly payroll reports under Davis-Bacon are not even processed—chalk up one million man-hours, all cost, no benefit. As for the ERISA pension plan reporting requirement (3.5 million man-hours), the Labor Department found that half the data were unusable. The report concluded: "A significant reduction in regulatory burden can be made without any impact on the Department's programs." Now, let's hear from HUD, HHS, and all the rest.

■ A poll of Washington insiders conducted by *U.S. News & World Report* rates Treasury Secretary Don Regan as the top performer in the Reagan Cabinet. Maybe the facts will shut up the *Washington Post*'s Hobart Rowen, who has been trying to convince Secretary Regan for the last six months that he is ineffectual because he listens to Treasury supply-siders.

■ TIPTALK. "The President may be hard as nails when it comes to programs that help poor people," says Speaker O'Neill. "He may be a real tightwad when it comes to programs that help working families. But when it comes to giving tax breaks to the wealthy of this country, the President has a heart of gold." His Speakership has a heart of gold when he's spending other people's money. He's the soul of civility when he swears he'd never attack the President personally. But put him in front of a gullible audience, and he'd give Huey Long lessons in demagogy.

■ The education establishment may yet meet its match in Education Secretary Terrel Bell. Promising "dramatic change" in the Department of Education and improvements in the quality of education, Bell charged in and began reducing the scope of his own department. Bell plans to keep the Department separate from HHS, but as a scaled-down, non-Cabinet-level agency. He has already abolished 39 of the top sixty positions in the Department and intends to reduce travel allowances for those who remain. Secretary Bell favors tuition tax credits for parents who send their children to private schools and cites an "obsession" with equal opportunity as a primary cause of the serious decline in the quality of public education. "In all our compassionate concern for the disadvantaged student, perhaps we have been inclined to abandon the rigors of many academic disciplines. . . . The casualty of all this has been reflected in the neglect for quality [as] many have shrugged aside their commitment to excellence." After only a few months on the job, Secretary Bell already has the NEA reeling and parents cheering.

■ *Business Week*: good free-market magazine, right? Wrong, says Steven Lagerfeld in *Policy Review*. Its reporting is solid, many of its editorials are sensible—but much of its commentary and most of its book reviews express remarkably anti-capitalist, pro-intervention assumptions. Its readers are casually told that "most right-wing free-enterprising members of the Republican Party are high-income WASPs who see government as a threat to their ability to hang on to what they already have." Supply-side economics is treated with scorn; the magazine's warmest review in years was devoted to Lester Thurow's *The Zero-Sum Society*. Michael Harrington is praised, Norman Podhoretz and Irving Kristol are vilified, Milton Friedman is hailed for the wrong reasons (he is a "right-winger with left-wing values"). In sum, says Lagerfeld, *Business Week* is "hostile to the market, oblivious to Communism and other threats to freedom, and unfriendly to the spirit of a free society. . . . [It indulges] implicit polemicizing for a package of values, standards, and outlooks inimical to American society. *Business Week* has brought the 'adversary culture' to the business world."

■ The Right-to-Work Committee is supporting legislation to include labor unions under federal anti-extortion laws, if there is violence or the threat of violence during strikes. Removing labor's exemption from the extortion laws is said to be controversial, and the AFL-CIO is getting ready to fight the measure with all its strength.

■ As the Social Security machine sputters toward bankruptcy, more and more congressmen are at last

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

A class act—that's the consensus in Washington on the Ottawa performance of Ronald Reagan and his team. Not only did Reagan strike a genial balance between flexibility (yes, I'd certainly be willing to talk to the Soviets) and rigor (sorry, I won't force interest rates down), which everyone expected, but he also did the unexpected, like go on the offensive and fashion a profile of assertion for himself.

The instrument of this assertion was the Siberian pipeline that will bring natural gas from the Soviet Union to West Germany, creating what Reagan described to Chancellor Schmidt as an unhealthy dependence of Western Europe on the Soviets. Pusillanimous Jimmy Carter declined to raise this subject in any serious way at Venice. Reagan trotted it out early and forcefully. No one, including Reagan, expected Schmidt to withdraw from the Soviet deal. What the airing did do, however, was build a certain psychological leverage over the Allies and a quality of command to Reagan's presence that prevented the formation of a Gang of Six—if, indeed, that was ever their intent. Anyway, Reagan's big success was that he was able to rewrite the Ottawa script so that instead of being the supporting actor (to the six-summit veteran Schmidt or to the formidable, unpredictable Mitterrand), he became the major figure.

As happens with this President generally, it seems, timing and luck were on his side. He rode into the Ottawa meeting on a wave of popularity and success at home. To a man/woman, the other leaders congratulated Reagan on his domestic economic achievement: the audacity and orginality of his proposals, the skill of his political persuasion, the tenacity of his purpose. How could they then intelligently fault him for high interest rates, one of the causes of which (monetary restraint) is at the heart of the very achievement that they so unstintingly lauded? Mitterrand, by the way, of all the leaders was the most disagreeable on the subject of interest rates, far more critical of and with Reagan than was Schmidt.

■ The President was also served well by his staff in Ottawa, notably Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, Secretary of State Al Haig, Assistant to the President Ed Meese, and National Security Advisor Dick Allen. Their briefings to the President and to the press were substantive and professional. Only Haig has drawn some flak here (from journalists chiefly) for an excessively opaque diction, bordering on obscurantist. This may well be deliberate on Haig's part. Wishing to avoid agitating either the Allies in Europe or the snipers at the White House, Haig retreats into obfuscation.

■ In this connection, Haig could well take a leaf from Donald Regan's book. He gets high grades from everybody, it seems, for his presentation of himself: sparing of words, earnest of manner, solid of substance, with a certain vagrant, self-deprecating, devil-may-care wit. On a scale of 1 to 10, Washington insiders give Regan 8.8, the highest of all the Cabinet members, which led one waggish White House senior aide to designate Regan as "the Bo Derek of the Reagan Administration." Regan may not be a 10, Cato adds, but he's the best the Administration has in a pretty classy field, and he'll have to do until the real thing comes along.

■ Are some right-wingers giving conservatives a bad name? That's what a lot of conservatives (and others) are asking around town. Mickey Edwards, chairman of the American Conservative Union, wants to know on what authority the *Washington Post* anoints Richard Viguerie and Howard Phillips as the embodiment of the New Right. Is it because they and practically they alone among the leaders of the New Right have drawn a confrontational, high-publicity line on the Sandra O'Connor appointment? The Justice-designate has not uttered a single official word on abortion since 1974, and people have been known to change their minds over a seven-year period. —CATO

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facing the politically distasteful fact that something must be done. The best solution we've heard was first proposed two years ago by Michael Boskin, an economist at Stanford University and the National Bureau of Economic Research; his plan is only now receiving widespread recognition. Boskin proposes a separation of the annuity and transfer effects of the current Social Security program. SS would become what people have always called it—a public insurance program; each retiree would receive exactly the annuities he paid in, plus interest. The social transfer side of the program would be paid out of general revenues and would be based on need. (We currently transfer wealth from all working people to all retired people, regardless of financial status.) Among other things, such a program could eliminate the "earnings test," which now makes it possible for a wealthy person receiving pensions, interest, dividends, capital gains, etc. to continue to receive his full payment, while a poorer person who must supplement his SS by working actually receives a smaller SS payment. Thus Boskin's plan would not only save SS from immediate disaster, it would also make the program more equitable by providing to each retiree the current value of his contribution, while providing additional help only to those who need it.

■ Ex-Congressman Edward Beard, a liberal Democrat and self-proclaimed "defender of the working people," was last fall defeated in his bid for re-election by Republican Claudine Schneider. Beard has now turned up in Central Falls, R.I.—tending bar. Beard reportedly was surprised to discover that except in Washington, one must take in as much money as one pays out. "I couldn't afford to run this business the way we run the government. Things have to balance here. I think all congressmen should run a small business for a while." Tell it to Tip, Ed.

■ The government of Robert Mugabe has introduced a bill in Parliament to promote the practice of traditional healers in Zimbabwe. It is still uncertain, how-

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ever, whether the spirit-mediums and the bone-throwers will be able to set aside their differences and work peacefully together. Also, the spirit-mediums have refused to work in the hospitals. The bone-throwers, however, don't mind working in the primitive conditions found in the hospitals and clinics of Rhodesia.

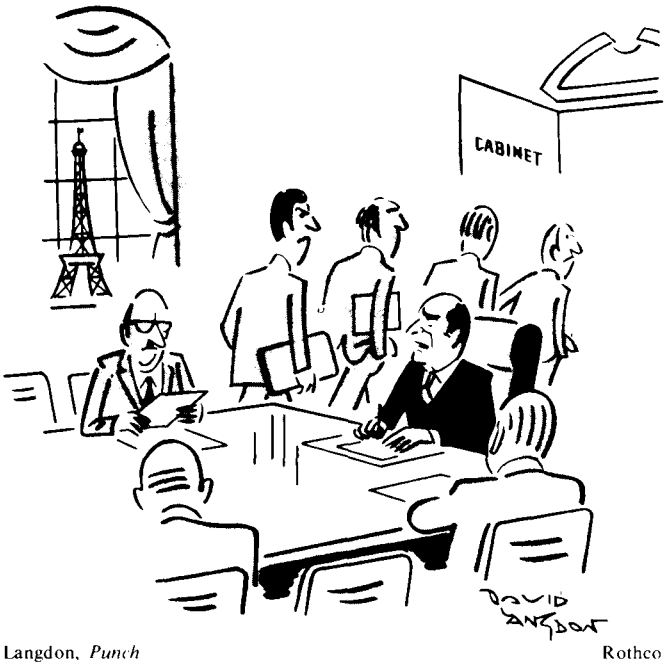
■ Let's see. Mehmet Ali Acga, who allegedly admits he shot the Pope . . . or is it Mehmet Ali Acga, who admits he allegedly shot the Pope . . . or maybe the alleged Mehmet Ali Acga, who tried to allege he admitted shooting the alleged Pope . . .

■ It transpires that the American taxpaper is shelling out 100 Gs a year to pay for Braille editions of *Playboy*, and Congressman Chalmers Wylie (R., Ohio) wants it stopped. A *Playboy* spokesman accuses Wylie of favoring "thought control." We're all in favor of "thought control," but meanwhile are agog to learn how exactly one goes about putting *Playboy* into *Braille*.

■ "Man is by nature a social creature. It is not reasonable to expect that an employee who is on assignment to a distant land will simply stare at the walls of his hotel room after dark," commented Administrative Law Judge Leo J. LaPorte in Pontiac, Michigan, and awarded the widow and children of Domenico Signorelli a quarter of a million dollars in workers' compensation payments. The judge ruled that Signorelli's death was work-related even though it occurred off the office premises and in non-working hours. Signorelli was felled by carbon monoxide from a space heater, while making love to a fellow worker in her Birmingham, England, apartment.

■ For your final exam, try to make some sense of either the law or the moral code of California, given the following two news items from that state this week. 1) The estate of Edgar Rice Burroughs has successfully sued MGM to make the studio remove about four yummy minutes of Bo ("10") Derek in the buff from a Tarzan movie. 2) A California state senator, charged with nine counts of illegal sexual relations with two 16-year-old girls, and who now says the law should be changed to allow such things, was acquitted on all counts.

■ Since 1973, Mr. Richard Mellon Scaife has given generously—generously, in this context, signifying the eight-digit range—to dozens of conservative organizations and groups. The Committee on the Present Danger; the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace; World Research, Inc.; Accuracy in Media; *The American Spectator*; the Heritage Foundation; the Mountain States Legal Foundation; and WQLN-TV



Langdon, *Punch* Rotheo

"Come back in, messieurs, when we're finished with Defense."

(producers of Milton Friedman's serial *Free to Choose*) have all benefited from Scaife's largesse. The *Washington Post*, noting it all, warns its readers that "layer upon layer of seminars, studies, conferences, and interviews can do much to push along, if not create, the issues which then become the national agenda of debate." It is pleasant to know there are good Stewart Motts in this world. The country owes a great deal to Mr. Scaife.

■ The price of Iranians is reported rising sharply, due to the growing shortage.

■ It has been one year since the trucking business was deregulated, over the anguished protest of the Teamsters and the industry alike. Shipping rates are down and service is improved.

■ The Tax Foundation calculates that government spending at all levels will pass the trillion-dollar mark this year. That's $1,000,000,000,000, a million millions of dollars, and it works out to some $4,678 per person per year, or more than $20,000 per family. Being governed is, of course, a necessity, but one wonders whether it should cost so much more than all the little luxuries of life combined, such as food, clothing, and shelter.

■ The alarming bureaucratic infestation around Washington, D.C. continues to spread. The release of millions of sterile bureaucrats in the area failed to halt the plague. Stronger measures are needed if this

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year's crop of taxpayers is to be saved, despite protests from environmentalists. Let us spray.

■ Crude-oil imports in May were down to four million barrels a day, the lowest level in years, and down over 20 per cent from a year ago. Gasoline prices are down about 3 cents a gallon on average, with further decreases likely. Oil drilling in the U.S. reached record levels last year, breaking a mark set in 1956 and not even approached in recent years. Overall petroleum consumption is down 6 per cent in the past year, and oil supplies are described as a "glut." OPEC had to call off a price increase, and spot prices for crude are falling. Now back to the energy crisis.

■ An assault by the National Organization for Women and the Congressional Black Caucus on mathematics as a sexist and racist numbers game is being awaited. The United States' victorious team of eight in the 22nd International Mathematical Olympiad, selected in a nationwide competition among high-school students, consisted of white males exclusively.

■ At least there is one good citizen left who just loves taxes. Mr. Lane Kirkland, president of the AFL-CIO, says that any budget cuts would create a "social disaster," and that those who want to cut taxes are "right-wing economic fakers."

■ The expedition searching for the *Titanic* has located a large "well-defined metallic anomaly," but it will be some days before they can tell whether it is the ship or another pronouncement by Mr. Kirkland.

Say It Isn't So

"Are we moving toward the center?"
Said the voter to the pol;
"Are we reading from the tablets
Or flim-flam and folderol?"
"Not to worry," said the spokesman,
Tapping NATIONAL REVIEW,
As the voter in the boonies
Fought a case of *déjà-vu.*

W. H. VON DREELE

Canada, a Have-Not Nation?

There was something preposterous about the meeting last week for seven major industrial nations to discuss, among other things, what ought to be done to help the world's "have-not" nations.

The reason it was so preposterous is that one of the seven—Canada—does not belong in that group, because Canada herself has become a "have-not" nation. And yet it was in the Canadian capital, Ottawa, that the summit meeting was held. They might just as well have met in Dar es Salaam.

Canada is a "have-not" nation because at this writing the soft over-belly of the Western Hemisphere has had:

NO mail service for weeks. (Post office workers on strike.)

NO Canadian Broadcasting programs for months. (Technicians on strike.)

NO constitution. (A majority of the Canadian provinces opposed the Trudeau constitution, and the Supreme Court has yet to decide on its legality.)

NO police service in Halifax, Nova Scotia. (Policemen on strike.)

NO auto insurance in British Columbia for months. (Public employees on strike.)

NO production in the multibillion-dollar forest industry. (A general strike.)

NO energy policy. (Disagreement between the Trudeau government and the province of Alberta.)

NO restraint on government expenditure. (Voters on strike.)

NO relief from double-digit inflation. (It's going higher.)

NO strength in the Canadian dollar.

NO relief from one of the highest tax burdens of any industrial country in the world.

NO relief from the increasing nationalization by the Trudeau government of the Canadian economy.

NO significant opposition parties in what is becoming a one-party state. Prime Minister Trudeau has ingeniously boxed in what used to be the opposition parties. Thus, except for an occasional bleat, they are without influence. The Progressive Conservative Party is merely the right wing, and the New Democratic Party, the left wing, of the Liberal Party. Conservatism in Canada is dead. Socialism is alive and well.

Since Canada, then, appears to have left the industrial world to become part of the "have-not" underdeveloped Third World, and since the majority of the countries in the United Nations are also "have-nots," wouldn't Prime Minister Trudeau make the perfect successor to Dr. Kurt Waldheim as the new Secretary General of the United Nations?

Americans Rule, OK?

The PLO is an organization dedicated to the destruction of Israel and, incidentally, any other country it happens to find inconvenient. (From June 1970 to July 1971, Jordan fought a bitter civil war against

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Palestinian *fedayeen* who, upon being defeated, decided to move their operations to Lebanon.) That being the case, it is perfectly understandable why Israel should be willing to take all necessary steps to cripple the PLO's terrorist capabilities. The pioneers did not coddle the Apaches.

And since Israel is a sovereign nation, it ultimately decides which steps are necessary. If, after weighing all the consequences—propagandistic, diplomatic, political, military—Israel's leaders (and *always* remember that Begin's policies are furiously debated within Israel—as much as LBJ's in Vietnam were debated here) decide that a bombing raid into downtown Beirut best serves their country's interests, then they *will* do it—all possible fulminations at the UN notwithstanding. In the argot of British street gangs, "Israelis rule, OK?"

But since the United States is also a sovereign state, we have our own decisions to make, based on our own interests. When Israel takes actions which snarl our diplomacy on the eve of a major push, and gives one more poke in the eye to Sadat for good measure, then our interests are not served. We should make it clear to our friends in Jerusalem that if they insist too hard on going it alone, we could conceivably let them do so.

Talking Back to Trudeau

The Administration is under strong pressure from Congress to retaliate against Canada's discriminatory energy program. Under this scheme, offshore resources of American-controlled companies have been expropriated without compensation, and punitive new taxes have been imposed. Meanwhile, special tax breaks have been granted to companies to the extent they are Canadian-owned. A new bureaucracy in Ottawa monitors the degree of Canadian ownership and control under a maze of regulations reminiscent of the fashion in which membership in the white race is established in South Africa.

The program is under strong fire within Canada and has had the predictable impact of slowing exploration and driving investment abroad. However, it has also forced some major American companies, like St. Joe Minerals, Allied, Shell, and Conoco, to sell off their Canadian operations to Canadian companies because those assets are worth far more when controlled by Canadians. This discrimination is contrary to established OECD policies and violates the spirit, if not the letter, of the Canada-U.S. tax treaty.

The Canadian government's own oil company, Petro-Canada, has bought a Belgian-owned company, Petrofina Canada, and other deals are pending. One result is that the Canadian dollar is at a fifty-year low against the American dollar—because so many Canadian dollars are going abroad to buy oil companies at discount prices, and foreign capital is no longer flowing in to Canada to develop its resources. The Canadian dollar's plight is intensified by the wildly inflationary policies of the Trudeau government, which include the largest deficit in relation to GNP of any Western nation except Italy. The dollar has not joined the zloty and the lira only because of an unprecedented volume of bond issues in New York by Canadian governmental units. The billions in borrowings have propped up the Canadian dollar but have contributed to the current despair in the American bond market.

The American oil companies want our government to retaliate against Canadian oil companies exploring in the United States. The problem is that these are not the culprits in the forced-sale transactions. They tend to be smaller entrepreneurial organizations eager to escape the socialistic Trudeau policies. Only a xenophobic application of the collective guilt theory would make punishing these operators justifiable.

But some response is certainly in order, not as a slap at Canadians, but as a reminder that open markets are in everyone's interest. What the President should recommend is a reintroduction of the Interest Equalization Tax, which would apply a special 15 per cent tax on all new bond issues from units of governments which have special discriminatory provisions in their own tax codes against American interests. This would threaten the access of Canadian governments to the American bond market, intensify the pressure on the Canadian dollar, and make meaningful energy negotiations between the two governments possible. The trend to Buy American (at big discounts, using dollars borrowed from American investors) would be quickly halted.

This measured reaction would head off some of the more emotional proposals now being introduced in Congress. Given the level of Canadian acquisition activity, there is no reason for delay.

The Stakes in Ottawa

When the franc collapsed in response to Mitterrand's nationalization plans, he quickly shifted the blame to President Reagan's "everyone for himself approach to economics" for inflicting unbearably high interest rates on Europe and the Third World. Taking its cue from Mitterrand, the French Communist newspaper *L'Humanité* proclaimed that U.S. interest-rate policy "swells the dollar with liquid capital wrenched from Europe."

In fact, high U.S. interest rates are the result of past inflationary policies and high marginal tax rates on income from savings, both of which reduce the incentive to save. As the Reagan Administration succeeds

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in lowering inflation and raising the rewards of saving, U.S. interest rates will fall.

What the French socialists are attacking is not U.S. interest rates, but the Reagan Administration's move away from the redistributionist model. They fear the new American attitude will carry over to "North-South issues," busting up the worldwide redistribution network which supports socialist Third World countries through the World Bank and international agencies. The French calls for American reflation are an effort to rekindle the process by which inflation and the progressive income tax produce rapidly rising government revenues to support a redistributionist policy.

German Chancellor Schmidt and other of the summiteers have a more narrow interest in the resumption of U.S. inflation. OPEC sends out its oil bills in dollars and a depreciating dollar subsidizes European and Japanese energy use. The rise in the dollar brought about by sounder U.S. economic policies has ended the subsidy, and European politicians have found that expensive. Now they have to clean up their own act, which means lower budget deficits and, in turn, fewer handouts.

The Reaganauts who made it into the Administration hope that the President learns in Ottawa that summits simply elevate politicians like Trudeau and Mitterrand, creating opportunities for them to walk on the world stage and encroach on the role of the President of the United States. It also creates a forum for disagreements with U.S. policies, disagreements that have to be papered over in a meaningless communiqué that sends a signal of Western weakness.

The lengthy preparations for Ottawa seriously distracted the Administration from watching over its tax bill in the House of Representatives, increasing the chances that something will go wrong. There is nothing on the Ottawa agenda that ranks in importance with restoring the U.S. economy. The Presidency has become so bureaucratized that routine summitry can deflect an Administration from the battle at hand.

Watt's Troubles

First of all, Interior Secretary James Watt did *not* want to kill the last whooping crane with his bare hands. Watt sent a form letter to all fifty governors, reaffirming his interest in devolving federal lands to the states. Texas Governor William Clements wrote back with a shopping list of federal real estate, including the island on which the whooping cranes breed. Watt sent Clements a form letter, thanking-you-for-your-interest-we-will-study-your-requests. Watt's ever-vigilant enemies pounced on it and wrenched it from context.

Watt has made enemies, at this stage of the game, of all the right people. If he accomplishes nothing else, he will at least have performed the signal service of forcing environmentalists to reach into their civics textbooks and fetch out the bromide that the Interior Department must represent a "variety of interests." Anyone who had said that at an Earth Day rally two years ago would have been bucking for a place on the endangered-species list. By trying genuinely to represent the variety of interests placed under his charge, Watt has earned the environmentalists' undying obloquy. Some of Watt's apophthegms in the verbal war between the realists and the Sierra Clubbers have been nothing short of brilliant. When he said that "Ansel Adams never took a picture with a human being in it," he froze and held up for view, as dramatically as Adams's own photographs capture the Grand Tetons, a climate of opinion stretching back to Rousseau.

Watt's political troubles will come further down the road, when the West for which he claims to speak begins to decide what it really wants done with its environment. The West, like Watt, hates and distrusts the Federal Government, and with reason. But the West also has a long record of hating and distrusting large businesses, which must inevitably benefit from a federal rollback. Westerners—authentic Westerners, not just boutique owners and Ivy Leaguers resettled in Denver - prize both their freedom to earn as much as they want, how they want, and their isolation and loneliness. They feel they couldn't get either in Boston. They may soon come to feel they will have to surrender a bit of both in Montana.

Judge O'Connor, Cont'd

In its last issue, *NR* wrote under deadline pressure regarding the nomination by President Reagan of Judge Sandra Day O'Connor. Corrections of some factual errors are in order—

—principal among them *NR*'s editorial assertion that in "1973, as a state legislator, she opposed an anti-abortion amendment to a bill on the grounds that it was 'not germane' to the legislation" (Arizona's constitution forbids non-germane amendments).

Judge O'Connor had been nominated the day before and *NR*, going to press, relied on information then available. The facts, as they have emerged, are more complicated and, before going on with the debate over this nomination, it would be useful to set forth some of the principal areas of controversy. So far as the anti-abortion, family-issue opposition to Judge O'Connor is concerned, the main counts boil down to five:

1. On February 26, 1970, Arizona abolished all restrictions on abortion. There is no official record on

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Tally-Ho!

Jerry Brown, whose ambition's still starry,
Made a booboo by saying he's sorry.
  Since he's used to the chase
  And first place in the race,
It's a shock to be playing the quarry.

W. H. VON DREELE

how then-legislator O'Connor voted. According to reports in the *Arizona Republic*, she voted for the bill in the Judiciary Committee, for it in the Rules Committee. Today, Judge O'Connor says that she does not recall these votes.

2. In 1973, Mrs. O'Connor was a co-sponsor of the Arizona Family Planning Bill. This eventually died in committee. It would have provided family-planning information to any person in the state, specifically including minors. It specified that parental approval was not required. Though the bill did not mention abortion, opponents argued that the vague language of the bill might have required the state to fund abortions as part of its family-planning services.

3. In 1974, the year after *Roe* v. *Wade*, a legislative proposition came before the Arizona legislature. It called on Congress to pass a Human Life Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. In the event, it failed in the Senate Judiciary Committee by a 4 to 2 vote. According to critics, Mrs. O'Connor voted against the Amendment.

4. Finally, on the "germane amendment" issue. In May of 1974, opponents of abortion sought to attach to a bond issue for funding the state university a rider which would prevent the universities from paying for abortions in university clinics. State Senator O'Connor opposed the rider. The bill, along with the rider, passed; it was challenged legally, and its constitutionality was upheld by the Arizona Supreme Court.

5. Mrs. O'Connor, earlier in her career, seems to have looked with some favor on ERA, then drawn back. She has not been heard from on the issue for some years.

In her confirmation hearings before the Senate, it will be fair to ask Judge O'Connor about some of the historical details here with a view to determining whether there was deception in her representations to White House officials and the President. It is difficult on the face of it (but not impossible) to believe that she does not remember how she voted on the 1970 Arizona abortion-on-demand bill. She has apparently had lapses of memory on other issues in this area.

Nevertheless it is a historical fact that abortion was not a sundering issue in the early 1970s. *Roe* v. *Wade* occasioned no such outcry as, for instance, the school-prayer decision evoked ten years earlier. In recent years the anti-abortion people have mounted a major educational campaign which has moved this issue to the center of the political stage. They have produced a superior polemical and philosophical literature. They have forced people to think about the abortion issue—and at several levels—in a way that even alert Americans did not in the early 1970s. Public consciousness has evolved on the issue, minds have been changed, and Judge O'Connor's may well have been among them.

It must also be stressed, as we did in the previous editorial, that the conservative movement is not synonymous with the anti-abortion movement. Not only are there different sets of priorities within American conservatism, but also different readings of both the ethics of abortion and the politics of the issue, and differing opinions about the kinds of legislation that would be appropriate. A constitutional amendment becomes institutionally desirable when the people wish it. Lincoln waited until an opportune moment before freeing the slaves. A substantial number of conservatives are in fact becoming restive because of what they perceive as moral aggression on the part of some of the anti-abortion people—for instance, the Right to Life Party in New York, which fielded its own presidential candidate when Reagan named Bush as his running-mate.

It remains true that Judge O'Connor must be aware of the mandate under which her nomination comes before the Senate. Ronald Reagan did not run for President under the slogan of "more of the same." And he won overwhelmingly. Mrs. O'Connor supported Reagan against Gerald Ford in 1976, and so she presumably understands this.

Finally, everything in Judge O'Connor's record indicates that she is a firm believer in the separation of powers, and believes as a matter of intellectual conviction that it is the legislature that writes the laws. *NR* looks forward eagerly to her Senate testimony, but, on the record, we see nothing to move us into the opposition.

The Fifth Cause

Aristotle long ago identified four kinds of causes—formal, final, material, and efficient—but he omitted to mention a fifth, beloved of liberal pundits: "root" causes.

The British riots have produced the usual agonizing over root causes, American commentary being particularly afflicted by an epidemic of Kernerism. Poverty causes crime—except that this crime is occurring in one of the world's richer countries. Unemployment, then—except that many of the rioters are too young to have, let alone lose, jobs. Racism, maybe? The rioters included many whites.

Amid all the root work, it is immensely refreshing to find *The Economist* raising the possibility that the

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HURRY

you can *still* get Bill Buckley's best-selling Spy-thriller FREE if you will use the card facing this page *now* (you save $9.95!)

Yep, we're talking about the original hardcover edition of *Who's on First*, Buckley's latest Blackford Oakes (who's better than James Bond) spy novel — the same one selling in bookstores everywhere right now for $9.95. If you have never read one of WFB's novels, here's your chance to get a free copy; of course if you're already a Blacky Oakes fan, you won't want to miss this opportunity to get the latest one — don't miss it.

We don't want to give away the plot, but it's about the race with the Soviets to be first in space — and Buckley makes it a nail-biter, even though you already "know" the historic outcome (this *tour de force* seems to be what impressed many critics: it *is* a neat trick, because it makes you, the reader, impatient as all get-out to *see* how Buckley can pull it off). By the way, as a kind of bonus, Buckley also performs some fascinating stunts with dialogue between such characters as Allen Dulles and Dean Acheson — you begin to wonder if maybe he wasn't there with a tape recorder? It's great stuff, you'll love it.

All you need do to get this $9.95 book *free and postpaid* (another big saving) is to enter a subscription (or renew your current one, no matter when it is due to expire) for one year at the regular $24 rate. Just check your instructions on the handy card opposite, and return it to us today. We'll send off your free copy of *Who's on First* immediately. Do it right now, before you miss out on it?

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Taking It on Faith

I like my judges gnarled and cranky
Without a hint of Eastern Yankee;
A judge who, when a victim sues, is
Unmoved when the defendant loses;
One who, if hanging's necessary,
Will still keep Christmas and be merry.
As for Judge Sandra Day O'Connor,
If Barry says so, she's Your Honor.

W. H. VON DREELE

cause of the riots was profoundly superficial: "The main trouble on July 3 through July 12 was that it was being advertised nightly on television that people could temporarily do all manner of illegal things with astonishing impunity if they overwhelmed the police in selected shopping areas and started looting." As for the prescribed cures, the magazine was just as blunt: "It is pleasant for the gentle English to suppose that the frightening predilection of some of their young for instant mayhem can be instantly cured by giving the deprived more money. It is also largely nonsense, as football terraces from Basel to Turin bear witness. . . . The urban nests in which the most violent of Britain's young street proletariat have been bred are not the boroughs in which laissez-faire local councils have been parsimonious about spending public money. They are . . . nearly all within the areas where local councils have been spending too much of the local community's income for it, and doing so incompetently."

Still, *The Economist* concedes the unemployment problem as a contributing factor—and blames the trade unions, whose established wage rates make most young people unemployable as soon as they emerge from school. As long as they must be paid artificially high wages or not hired at all, they won't be hired. The result is a particularly festering youth culture that knows how to destroy, but not produce. So the British experience does have lessons for America, though not the ones the Kernerites want to draw.

Here Comes de King

The July 29 wedding of Prince Charles and Lady Di provides the British with a welcome romantic spectacle and some relief during a summer of riots, hunger strikes, and John McEnroe.

While all this British turbulence is of course deplorable it should also be kept in some sort of historical perspective. For practically its entire history England has been spectacularly violent. The period of British "stability" was largely a middle-class phenomenon, commencing with the crushing of the Gordon Riots in 1780. England has been "stable" for about two centuries, and may now be returning to historical form.

It is possible that Prince Charles, who is widely popular, will be an ameliorating presence both now and in the future when he ascends the throne. If that proves true, much will be owed to Prince Philip, whose stern regimen turned a wimpy and unprepossessing child into the attractive and even dashing young man we see before us, who, though he falls regularly from his steeplechasers, jumps up with a smile. Lady Diana seems perfect too, though one longs for the day when at least some young English women will discover different sorts of haircuts.

Monarchy seems to be undergoing at least a minor revival in the West. In Spain Juan Carlos came to the throne after the Franco regency, and it is difficult to imagine Spain negotiating its way toward a viable form of representative government without his effective and symbolic presence. In a different way, the British monarchy has proved to be an element of continuity during the difficult transition from Empire to minor power.

To see the wedding, Californians will need to rise at 3 A.M. A better idea: go to Hawaii, and stay up late.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Did you know that on November 26, 1980 Robert S. Cook (Acting Director of U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service) declared Carter's panic grass (*Panicum carteri*) to be an Endangered Species? I guess it took them that long to believe the election results over in F&WL. The report was published in the Federal Register of January 30, 1981 (Vol. 46, No. 20, pp. 9,976-9,979). Isn't that after the extinction occurred?

Raymond R. White
Old Dominion University
Norfolk, Va.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

While reading the May 29 "Notes & Asides" I ran across the following remark: "And, after all, at 21 Max Beerbohm published his first book (*The Collected Works of Max Beerbohm*)."

It's a good story, but:

1) the book is really called *The Works of Max Beerbohm*; and

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2) it was published in August of 1896, Max having been born in August of 1872.

Gild not the lily!

Regards,
Terry Teachout
Liberty, Mo.

Okay. Spoilsport. Regards, WFB

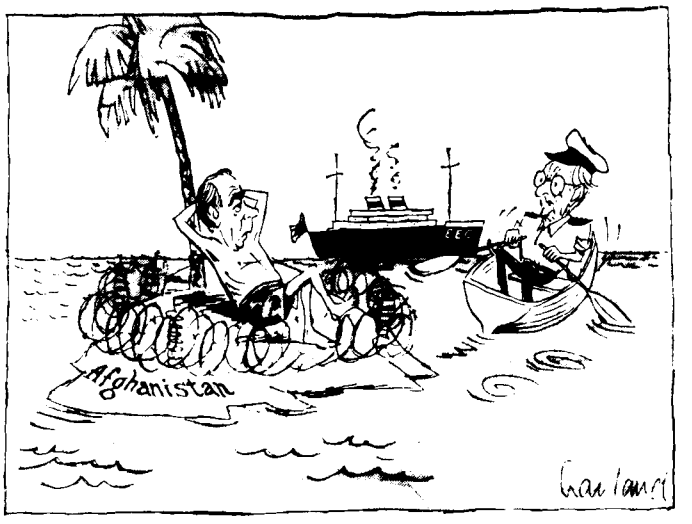
■ Dear Buckley:

As a charitable fellow—you are charitable, you must be, the President's entire social program depends upon an unforced civic charity (no, I am not looking for a handout)—as a charitable fellow, I say, why do you so ardently desire that we on the Left should either shut up or recant? For so many wonderful years you and your fraternity brothers, exiled to the wildlands, regaled us with the joys of opposition, and your gusto was an example to us all. I fervently wish you a safe and speedy return to that happy condition, from which I would never dream of evicting you. I would look for the stars to fall and the seas to dry up on the day of your recantation; when silence falls upon you, we shall have attained entropy. Should you kneel and beg my forgiveness, swearing oaths upon *Das Kapital* that you had bade von Hayek get behind you, I would exhort you with much embarrassment to rise and recover your nonsenses, man! Your primitive song of gentility and supply-side economics is music in the jungle. I so enjoy taking target practice at the holes in your tent I would never want you to fold it up and decamp to, say, Tierra del Fuego. Without you, where's the sport in being correct?

We on the Left are not a disease, WFB, but your adversaries, as you ours. Having tasted the pleasures of opposition, which we proffered and will again, why would you deny them to us, your once and future benefactors? What on earth would be duller than a Congress of wall-to-wall Republicans nattering and nodding in bland agreement? We are the hots in your tamales, and where's the opportunity for brawling iconoclasm when there are no more icons to brawl with or break? We are not at war but at loggerheads, and that's a kind of collaboration. How will you know what's Right without us to tell you what's Left? Think of the danger, WFB, stumbling about in the existential dark with no voice but your own to take direction by. You could walk right into the quagmire of social democracy and economic justice and find yourself obliged to sink.

Buckley, forswear the nicpaking headhunters, for when they have taken all our heads they will come for yours, for consorting with Galbraith and entertaining the devil on *Firing Line*. Encourage us, rather, to follow your example, to oppose with vigor and enthusiasm. Only racketeers seek to eliminate the opposition. Good citizens cherish their political adversaries. As one writer put it, God probably loves Madalyn Murray O'Hair. Go thou and do likewise.

Sincerely,
R. D. Eno
Cabot, Vt.



Garland, *Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"Cheerio! By the way, if you ever do feel like being rescued give us a signal!"

Dear Mr. Eno: But of course! You must not learn! Else we'd have to abandon our belief in invincible ignorance! Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

One of my friends wrote to Senator Bill Bradley, to urge him to support the President's proposed budget cuts. Senator Bradley replied, in part:

> Reducing federal expenditures and tax burdens are a necessary part of the solution to high inflation and low productivity. However, it must be done in a way that builds a consensus for increasing our competitiveness in the world economy and provides a base of innovation for long-term, stable development.

My friend asked if I could explain to him what this means; I could not.

My wife says that Senator Bradley was a Rhodes Scholar, and maybe that's why I can't understand him.

Can you help?

Yours sincerely,
Paul Nix
Summit, N.J.

Dear Mr. Nix: Senator Bradley is saying that in order to have square pegs, you must have round holes, but not too round, because love conquers all. Cordially,

—WFB

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The Current WISDOM

The Polish Conundrum

WINSTON

THE CONUNDRUM that currently baffles the Washington intelligence community is this: Why have the Soviets not invaded Poland? Not to have done so contradicts the history, the character, and the strategic impulse of the USSR. In the past, when the Russians have failed to resolve a problem by political means, they have ineluctably gone the military route. Czechoslovakia is the paradigm. The scenario in Poland has been played out almost as a replica of Czechoslovakia, with points of correspondence so exactly matching as to have led CIA Sovietologists and National Security Council analysts to expect the Soviets to march into Poland before the Polish Communist Party Congress, as they did two days before the Party Congress in Czechoslovakia, August 20, 1968.

The non-intervention is made the more inscrutable because Poland is of such capital national security importance to the USSR, where national security is priority number one. The Russians recognize that if the Poles succeed in this bid for freedom, a chain reaction will almost certainly occur.

The KGB Goofed

The crisis has been going on for one year, and the Soviets characteristically began by using political strategies to cope with it. First, they intimidated, especially through military maneuvers. Second, they brought in leverage from Eastern Europe. Third, they tried to isolate Poland from the Communist bloc. All these political strategies failed, and failed abjectly.

Even the KGB failed. The Soviet secret police was hauled in, but it had no more success in Poland than it had in Afghanistan. Recall that the KGB was assigned to take over the Afghan police and military, and then assassinate Hafizullah Amin, the Prime Minister. Instead, Amin (or his brother) killed the KGB station chief, much to the amusement of the spook community worldwide. Faced with this KGB failure, the Soviets invaded Afghanistan, and Amin was finally executed by Soviet troops. It is certain that the KGB was given similar duties in Poland—not to assassinate Kania, but to penetrate Solidarity and take control of the Polish military. But they flubbed that assignment too.

Pick One

No one knows why the Soviets have not yet invaded. Speculation takes these forms: First, *the Soviets don't want to get bogged down in Poland militarily because they see the Middle East as more important for the future, and want to keep open the option of intervention there.* The military power to invade Poland is available, of course, with the help of the East Germans. But it is one thing to come up with the initial outlay, and quite another to keep up the payments. Furthermore, the Soviets have lost momentum in this containment exercise. The momentum has passed to Solidarity. Today the costs of post-invasion containment would probably be intolerable.

Second, *paranoia about the People's Republic of China keeps the Soviets from invading Poland.* The Soviets know that such an invasion would vastly stretch them, beyond even where they are now with a million troops on the Sino-Soviet border and 85,000 mired in Afghanistan.

Third, *Communist Party Chief Stanislaw Kania has persuaded the Politburo that he can control the Party and pull things together.* Kania's strategy goes like this: The reform movement cannot be stopped. But it can be controlled, and the way to control it is for him to jump onto the reform bandwagon (with the Communist Party on his back), seize the wheel, and drive the whole nation into Reformed Communism. During the July Party Congress an unprecedented mutation of form occurred: the Polish national anthem was sung before the "Internationale." Kania was thereby signaling that the national character of his party is paramount. Nothing is more important than Poland.

Fourth, *the Soviets are weaker than we had hitherto believed, and this is why they have not invaded Poland.* At the 26th Party Congress in Moscow last February, Brezhnev gave a speech that was really a lament about disorders in the Soviet Union. The economy is bad, agriculture is bad, industrial production is bad. Siberian oil reserves cannot be tapped because the Soviets don't have sophisticated Western equipment. And so forth. Notably lacking in the Brezhnev address was any element of rhetorical menace against the U.S. It appears that the Soviets are now experiencing the beginnings of their own internal Poland, especially an economic breakdown fueled by their colossal defense budget and outlays to Vietnam and Cuba.

East Germany is restless. It sees the freedom to travel, earn, and socialize that the West Germans have, and Honecker must maintain a tight grip over his people, which only exacerbates matters. In Hungary, Party leader Janos Kadar has had a couple of heart attacks and is over seventy, with no one of comparable charisma to succeed him. Bulgaria's economy is quite wretched. Rumania's standard of living has been dropping over the past five years. The Communist Comecon (Council for Mutual Economic Assistance) is coming unstuck. Without Polish integrated circuits, Czech computer plants can't work; without Polish sulphur, East German gunpowder manufacturers are slowed down. Polish brake systems feed the Kama River truck plant; Polish coal goes everywhere. In a word, Poland's present instability is almost paralyzing the members of Comecon. Still and all, it would be a dangerous illusion to think that the Russians are fading away, militarily or otherwise. The chances of an invasion of Poland, Washington intelligence people believe, are still fifty-fifty.

As for the conundrum, Sherlock Holmes once deduced that the dog didn't bark because it was an inside job. On the Polish border we have the Bear that hasn't moved. That's an inside job, too. Only *selecti quidem* of the Politburo know why the USSR has not invaded, and it's the best kept secret in the world. But it makes for rich, and oddly comforting, conjecture. □

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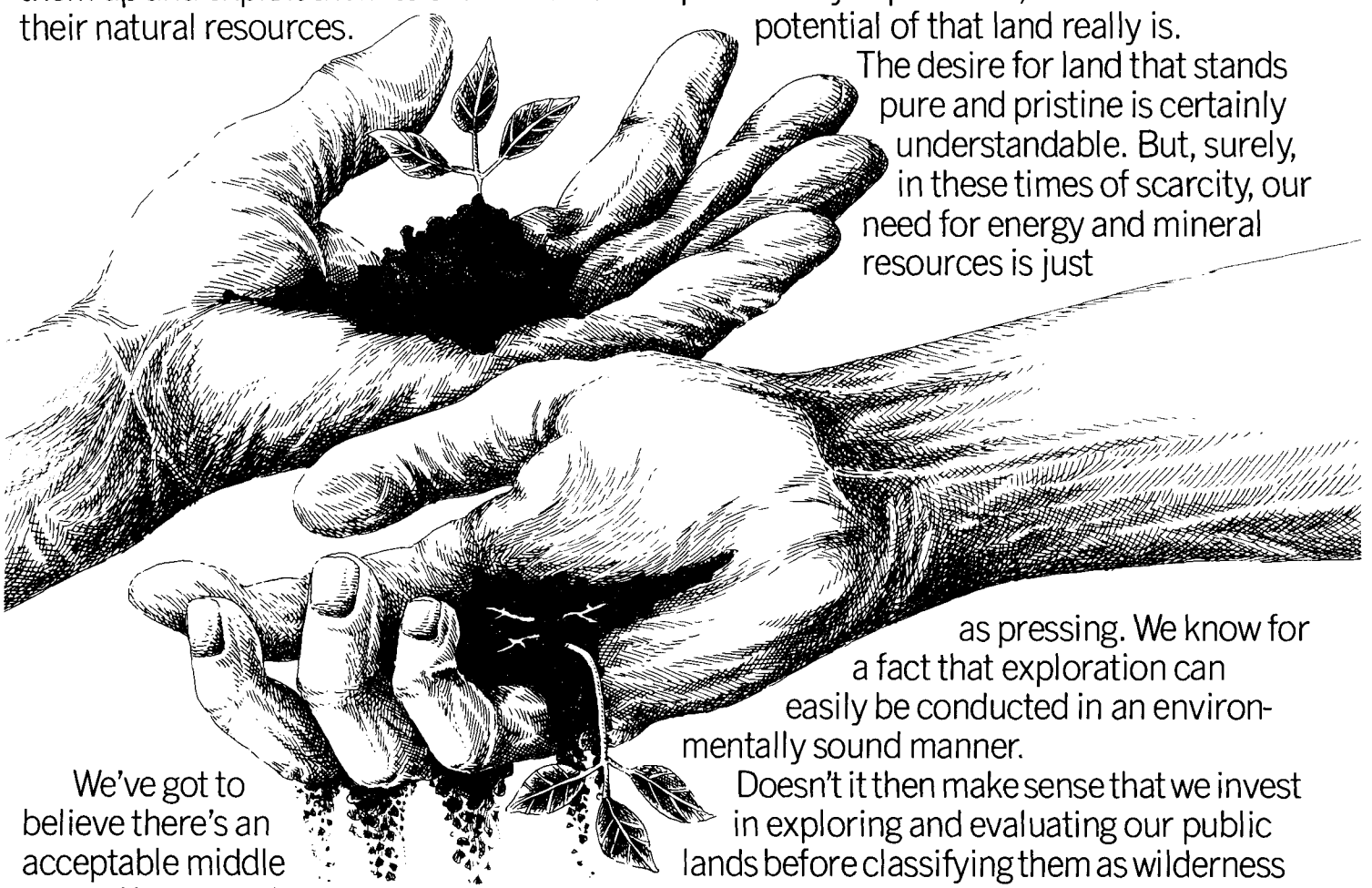
Some want to keep our land unspoiled. Some want to explore it. We want to explore without spoiling.

There's a strange either-or proposition building up in this country.

It's one that says either we completely preserve our public lands by turning them into permanent wilderness, or we tear them up and exploit them to the fullest for their natural resources.



We've got to believe there's an acceptable middle ground between these two extremes.

At least that's what all of us at Atlantic Richfield believe. And so do the many Americans who have invested with us.

Look at the facts. Our public lands currently supply an estimated 10% of our energy. Yet they actually contain about one half of all our known domestic energy resources — vast amounts of coal, oil shale, tar sands, crude oil and natural gas.

Over 40% of the 760 million acres the federal government owns has been withdrawn from mineral mining or leasing.

Another 25% has been placed under regulation that effectively precludes oil, gas and mining operations.

All without ever finding out first, through preliminary exploration, what the resource potential of that land really is.

The desire for land that stands pure and pristine is certainly understandable. But, surely, in these times of scarcity, our need for energy and mineral resources is just as pressing. We know for a fact that exploration can easily be conducted in an environmentally sound manner.

Doesn't it then make sense that we invest in exploring and evaluating our public lands before classifying them as wilderness or otherwise, and locking them up forever?

At least then we could make sure we're doing the right thing.

Or so it seems to us at Atlantic Richfield.

There are no easy answers.

ARCO

Atlantic Richfield Company

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The European Way

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THE TROUBLE with "Europe" is that it doesn't exist. The governments of the European Economic Community (EEC) appear to believe, however, that if they launch enough common initiatives in foreign policy, a recognizable European identity will magically emerge. We have had the EEC initiative for Palestine [*NR*, May 1], and now we have the EEC Afghanistan initiative, which is worth a few thoughts on its own.

Britain's Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, has been in Moscow to discuss the latest "initiative," which, as we have known since June 23 (when the EEC governments backed it), consists of persuading the USSR to attend an international conference designed to get Soviet forces out of Afghanistan. The notion is so bizarre that I thought, when I first read of it, that it must be some kind of elaborate joke. But let us, for a start, give it the courtesy of serious consideration.

Lord Carrington is credited with the authorship of the plan, or at any rate the origin of the idea. And as he is the current EEC President (by rotation), it fell to him to do the sales pitch in Moscow. The ground had been prepared (on June 23) by Britain's ambassador in Moscow, Sir Curtis Keeble, who exposed it in broad terms to Soviet First Deputy Foreign Minister Korniyenko.

Togetherness

If all goes well, the five permanent members of the UN Security Council would confer in the first instance with India, Iran, and Pakistan as well as with officials of the United Nations and the Islamic conference. If a consensus emerged, this first grouping would call for a commitment by all interested parties, including the USSR, not to interfere in Afghanistan.

At stage two, Afghan representatives, including perhaps delegates from the guerrillas, would be invited to discuss a neutral status for Afghanistan, under which Soviet forces could be withdrawn.

In London, much store was attached to President Brezhnev's statement of May 22: "We want active talks to improve international relations." Helpful as always, Willy Brandt, who just happened to be visiting Moscow at the end of June, discussed Afghanistan with Brezhnev and came back speaking of Soviet eagerness for a political solution. Brezhnev could hardly tell Carrington not to bother to come to Moscow, or European socialists and Third World idealists would wonder how sincere his protestations of peaceful intent were.

Stage one is going to be fun. At this writing, the brains of the Islamic revolution in Iran, Ayatollah Beheshti, is no longer with us, having been blown up by a bomb. Who would represent Iran and what they would say is a fun question too. India and Pakistan could be expected to give their usual display of friendly unity (Pakistan under acute threat, and India half way to satellite status).

Stage two, too, could be fun. Can we really see Babrak Karmal, the Soviet puppet in occupied Afghanistan, sitting down in constructive amity with the freedom-fighters who have given him hell for a couple of years? If he came, would they? And if they did, which of the many groups would come? And if they all did, who would keep them from flying at each other's throats?

Still, if the terrorists from Rhodesia could journey to London's Lancaster House with the white-backed Bishop Muzorewa and allow themselves to be voted into power in independent Zimbabwe, is the miracle of a neutralized Afghanistan, free of Soviet forces, beyond diplomatic ingenuity?

Before we go for that one, let us look (seriously) at why the Soviet Army is in Afghanistan in the first place. The Soviets have had long-term designs on this mountain wilderness. For some twenty years they armed and trained Afghan army officers, with the usual doses of indoctrination thrown in, gratis. In April 1978, one of their indoctrinated protégés, with KGB help, seized power. The first puppet was a dud, and had to go; so did the second. The third, Babrak Karmal, is still around, having called in Soviet forces to help him out of his local difficulties.

It was a perfect case of the Brezhnev Doctrine (of 1968 vintage) in action. Once a Soviet puppet is in power, proclaiming a Marxist republic under some suitable name, said republic becomes part of the Socialist Commonwealth. The trouble is that the Socialist Commonwealth is forever. Rather than allow any morsel of it to throw off the Soviet yoke, the Kremlin will send in troops.

Afghanistan may be valueless as real estate, but its strategic value hits the eye as soon as one glances at the map. Only three hundred miles to the Strait of Hormuz at the nearest frontier point. Stranglehold within reach: checkmate point in the resource war.

Subtle or Stupid

Can we not see how unreasonable it is of the EEC governments to ask Brezhnev to pull out his forces, thereby endangering the sanctity of the Socialist Commonwealth and surrendering his Queen to those pawns in the Afghan hills?

Of course Brezhnev wants a "political solution." A nice, sensible solution wherein the neutrality and independence of the Babrak Karmal regime would be recognized by all, including the guerrillas (who, if they were really helpful, would surrender, arms and all, to the Karmal government).

I may be doing Lord Carrington and his EEC colleagues a profound injustice. It is just possible that not a word that appears above is new to them, that they know it all and are being, oh, so sophisticated. Silly of me not to realize that this is an elaborate diplomatic game, designed to embarrass the Soviets by exposing their duplicity to those well-meaning European socialists and Third World idealists. In the event, Brezhnev showed what he thought of the initiative by snubbing his Lordship.

The trouble with EEC initiatives such as this one and the Palestine ploy (to bring the PLO into talks for a settlement of the Palestine-Israel problem) is that they go against the better sense of the Reagan Administration and amount in practice to appeasement of the Soviet leaders. □

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A NEW OXFORD PEACE PLEDGE

VERDUN, THE SOMME, and the fate of POLAND

EDWINA S. CAMPBELL

ONE WARM Saturday evening last August I sat in the garden of an Oxford pub discussing the future of Europe with a group of young Europeans. Some were students, some junior academics, all born since the last gun sounded in 1945. They were the type of European I had known as a graduate student in Germany in the early 1970s, ten years older now. The intervening decade had not had much effect on them; the effect it had was not a hopeful sign of what Americans may expect from Europe in the 1980s.

The thirty-year-old European has two outstanding characteristics, both of which he denies strenuously whenever a persistent American calls attention to them. He is almost totally ignorant of the facts which have shaped his own postwar history, while, at the same time, he is unconsciously a product of an atmosphere which has gripped Europe since August 1914. It is a deadly combination.

Young Europeans—poised on the brink of controlling the political, economic, educational, and military establishments of their countries and continent—have no conception of where or how they wish to see Europe develop over the next decade. This lack of perspective on the future results from a total divorcement from their own past. In Germany, until very recently, collective shame and horror imposed an almost total ban on the teaching of modern history. There were a variety of reasons—not insignificantly, the unwillingness of teachers and parents to be asked what exactly they were doing from 1933 to 1945—all of which combined to produce a generation unsure of its origins or its future.

In France, shame at the Vichy years, and, in Italy, bewilderment over the Fascist period, duplicated, to a lesser degree, the German experience. Britain's case was more complex, since its wartime record was and remains a focus for collective and individual pride; but the experience of economic deprivation and political retrenchment as a victor power was psychologically more difficult to deal with than similar experiences were for the heirs of the defeated Axis.

Europe responded to its prostration by turning its back on world political power, first of necessity, then, as the war years receded, by choice. Europeans concentrated on economic recovery and growth, and they were phenomenally successful. Today's thirty-year-old European grew up in a political context which promised to fulfill his economic and social needs, and to ensure a standard of living his parents and grandparents had never known.

The factor which made European economic miracles possible in an atmosphere of European political impotence was overwhelming American political power, and the certainty that this power, and its military extension, would be used to maintain a climate conducive to the independence and prosperity of Western Europe. However guilty the United States sometimes was of insisting that it knew what was best for everyone, Europeans today owe their prosperity—indeed their existence—to 35 years of American power combined, generally, with American restraint in using that power. It was to secure Europe's chance at a future of political, economic, and social decency that both North American allies—for Canadian influence was a crucial factor in building the postwar world—totally reversed foreign policies dating from the birth of the two countries.

But Can They Handle the Soviets?

To attribute this re-orientation of American and Canadian policy to a cynical desire to keep any future war isolated in Europe is currently fashionable among young Europeans. Like so many other historical fashions, it overlooks the inconvenient facts of the world situation in 1945. Both North American powers could easily have simply gone home—as they would have liked to do—and acquiesced in however the Soviet Union chose to fill the power vacuum on the Continent. The only credible explanation of Canadian and American policy is one which today's young European discounts at the outset: the North Americans—and Europeans of an older generation—were concerned with the type of society postwar Europe would build. They were willing to work and sacrifice for a democratic order. They were willing to risk a war for it.

Young Europeans have become very proficient since the late 1960s at belittling the idea that anything is worth dying

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for. (The fact that Secretary of State Haig dared utter this sentiment—something no member of the Carter Administration would ever have thought, much less said—will do nothing to increase his popularity in their eyes.) First, they will tell you, in a nuclear age the very idea of war is so horrible that only irresponsible Americans would suggest it. Moreover, the Soviet Union has no designs on Western Europe, the prosperity of which is a help to Soviet development (of what? one asks in vain: certainly not a better society for Soviet citizens). The Europeans' only risk, they will tell you, comes from too close association with the United States. Left alone, they can handle the Russians. (The American who by this point is beginning to think of the way Europe "handled" 1938 may be excused the thought.)

No History, Less Future

Three factors have brought the future leaders of Europe to this dismal, anti-historical state. One we have already mentioned: the unexpected, but extremely agreeable, level of prosperity reached in Western Europe since 1945. The vast majority of Europeans, young or old, had never known or dreamed of anything like it; it is hardly surprising that they do not want to risk losing it. Americans would not like to see New York or San Francisco in ruins either, but we are less prone to think of economic prosperity as an atypical condition which must be nurtured and protected *at all costs*. It puzzles Americans to hear Europeans passionately defend their right to August on the Costa del Sol—the price of which may be very high indeed in the long run.

Another equally important factor was retrospectively well-recognized in Anglo-French appeasement of the 1930s, but minimized after World War II: namely, that Europe has been a scared and tired continent since 1918. Americans have always underestimated the psychological devastation inflicted on Europe by World War I.

We recite the number of casualties in our history classes and we read the literature of the "Lost Generation," but we cannot internalize the fear and foreboding which have hung over almost every European family since the summer of 1914. Perhaps only Southerners who have grown up in the shadow of their own families' experiences in the Civil War have known first-hand the emotions World War I called forth in Europe. Those emotions have never died. It took a dictatorship unparalleled in world history, and many outrages perpetrated by it, before the democracies could muster the courage to stand and fight in 1939 (and only one really mustered it then). Long before Hiroshima and Nagasaki, many Europeans were unsure that there was anything worth dying for. For the postwar generation, the atomic era has merely confirmed this malaise.

The nature of American foreign policy outside Europe since 1945 has further deepened that malaise. The world is not black and white, and in our effort to be what Robert Kennedy (quoting Thomas Jefferson) called "just friends and brave enemies," we supported some distinctly "grey" regimes in various parts of the world. It matters little in this context how many of them were lesser evils than the alternative and how many of them were not. What matters is that failures of American judgment have contributed to the growth of a pervasive feeling that there is never any way to tell a greater evil from a lesser one: one man's freedom-fighter is another man's terrorist. All is relative.

Young Europeans have retreated en masse from the notion that all is not propaganda, that it is possible to tell the good guys from the bad by the way they behave. What distinguished the democracies, with all their faults, from their Axis enemies fades into ancient history. The historyless, futureless young people of Europe are caught in a dilemma which they do not even recognize.

Blessed with 35 years of freedom and prosperity, Western Europeans have conveniently managed to overlook the real distinctions between democracy and dictatorship. One gets the impression that they have never walked the grey streets of Prague or stood on the other side of the Brandenburg Gate, but, sadly, the truth is worse: they have done both, and not drawn the obvious conclusion. American mistakes have contributed to, but are not the root cause of, the spiritual retreat of Western Europe.

It will be the workers of Poland who will provide the test of whether that retreat is to become a rout, or whether there are reserves of strength untapped and as yet unperceived by the Europeans themselves. ("This House will not fight for King and country"—but it did.) Poland poses a dilemma more fearful than an attack on Western Europe itself. There are few people who will not fight if they must, if their homes and families are in imminent danger. The fear that Europe would not respond to such a challenge is not the most serious one.

The real danger is that Poland may confront the Western democracies with a clear-cut case of men and women standing up, fighting perhaps, for *something*. For political rights, for an idea. A case which cannot be dismissed as that of an entrenched oligarchy propped up by the CIA. A case where the guys in the white hats are easy to distinguish. And the truly horrifying prospect is that Europe may fail. The desire to avoid all risk, at any cost, may be so great that Europe's spiritual vacuum will be laid open for everyone to see.

In German cafés and French brasseries and English pubs, for the past ten years I have listened to young Europeans chastise, explain, philosophize: it is the United States which must be contained; the cold war is of our making; the Soviet leaders are reasonable people with whom Europe can deal. It was on that August evening in Oxford that I realized finally the precarious condition in which Western Europe finds itself. More than anything, consciously or unconsciously, young Europeans hope and pray that their neighbors to the east do not love liberty enough to fight for it, to disturb the comfortable status quo in Europe—to make *them* fight for it. The prosperous young people of Western Europe fervently desire that, whatever tyrannies are perpetrated in Poland and the Soviet Union itself, no one will rise up against them, will seek assistance in paying the price of freedom.

The status quo which older Europeans learned to accept has become a price which their sons and daughters are all too willing to (have someone else) pay. Whether, on the day they must respond to that fateful question, What, if anything, are you willing to die for? young Europeans will find their way to Britain's answer of 1940 is impossible to say. It was not the answer my friends gave me in the shadow of the Radcliffe Camera. It was, sadly, the answer I had come to expect. □

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WILLIAM R. HAWKINS

THE DRAFT
and the Confusion of American Conservatives

In one of his syndicated columns, James J. Kilpatrick observed that "conservatives are of two minds" on the question of military conscription. "It is an abiding principle among many of us," he wrote, "that the best government is the least government. . . . But there is another abiding principle and it is to this effect—that in terms of national affairs the first obligation of government is national security. Upon the fulfillment of these responsibilities all else depends."

This dilemma has been viewed from another perspective by Milton Mueller in *Libertarian Review*. He stated that "for conservatives and many liberals the draft represents a crisis of ideology. In the past thirty years, conservatives like Barry Goldwater have been sincere and heroic opponents of conscription. Yet at the same time they have been staunch defenders of U.S. military might and troop commitments. What happens now, when a choice between these two predilections is becoming inevitable?"

For Goldwater the answer is to favor a renewal of draft registration, for Mueller it is to abandon America's defense commitments, and for Kilpatrick it is still up for debate.

There is, however, no clear philosophical reason why conservatives should oppose the draft if it is necessary to the defense of American interests and if it is confined to military service. Conservatives would and should oppose the sort of national service that would induct young people into the apparatus of the welfare state; there is no obligation to serve the dogma of socialism. But an obligation to provide for the common defense does exist, and in an increasingly hostile world there is a pressing need to strengthen that defense.

There is nothing new or unique about this obligation or the use of compulsion to ensure its fulfillment. Compulsory military service was standard in the American colonies, with over two hundred laws laying out terms and conditions of service. The military historian D. E. Leach has stated that there was a general "assumption that the colonists themselves would be ready and able to serve as soldiers, an assumption resting mainly on the English tradition and practice of compulsory military obligation." This ancient English tradition dated back to the days of Alfred the Great and the Anglo-Saxon *fyrd*, and continued through the reigns of William the Conqueror, Edward III and Henry V (the freeman militias of Crécy and Agincourt), Elizabeth I, the Stuarts, and Cromwell. It was rebel control of the militia organization in America that provided one of the foundations for a successful revolution. Throughout this period the militia claimed the services of all healthy males.

The colonies were not always able to rely solely on patriotic fervor to supply enough Minutemen to fill out their militia units. Several states which had been in the forefront of the independence movement, including Massachusetts, Virginia, and North Carolina, had to legislate a draft in order to field their armies. In 1778 the Continental Congress agreed to General Washington's request for the power to draft men from the militia into the Regulars. Five years later Washington could write that "It may be laid down as a primary position and the basis of our system that every Citizen who enjoys the protection of a free government owes not only a proportion of his property but even of his personal services to the defense of it."

In 1792 the Congress passed legislation to enroll "each and every free able-bodied white male citizen" in the militia and to call the militia into national service. The term of obligation to the militia was to extend from age 18 to age 54. The militia was to be armed and undergo periodic training.

The Second Amendment, which is near and dear to the hearts of conservatives, embodies a direct reference to the militia. The image of the responsible, armed citizen responding to the call of the colors when danger threatened has been the most powerful of all our patriotic symbols.

Some have attempted to argue that all this was superseded by the Thirteenth Amendment, which prohibits "involuntary servitude." However, this argument has never found favor in the courts. The definitive ruling on conscription remains that of 1918 which sustained the use of the draft in World War I. Speaking for a unanimous Supreme Court, Chief Justice Edward D. White dismissed the Thirteenth Amendment in a single sentence. The Amendment, he said, was

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clearly enacted for an entirely different reason. It would have been a paradox indeed if slavery in the South had been abolished by a Union Army that was partially conscript, if there were not a clear difference between the two. White based the Court's decision firmly on the power of Congress to raise and support armies under Article I, Section 8 of the Constitution, strengthened by the Fourteenth Amendment, which caused "citizenship of the United States to be paramount and dominant instead of being subordinate and derivative." Using impeccable Hamiltonian logic, the Court could not conceive of Congress as having the power to raise armies without the power to provide the men, by compulsion if necessary. The Court thus maintained continuity with the spirit of the Founding Fathers.

There was wide agreement among the Founders as to the military obligation of citizenship and the utility of such service to the national security. Thomas Jefferson, in a letter to Secretary of State James Monroe in 1813, argued that "We must train and classify the whole of our male citizens and make military instruction a regular part of collegiate education. We cannot be safe till this is done." Jefferson believed that such universal military training must be implemented in peace as well as war, and he reiterated his argument two years later in a letter to Jean Baptiste Say. And this is from a statesman whose pacifist and libertarian reputation is unassailable.

Alexander Hamilton was an advocate of professional armies rather than militias because his experiences in the Revolution led him to believe that they were more reliable. Still, he could not deny that the government had a right to call the citizens to arms if necessary. In *Federalist* Number 23 he wrote: "The circumstances that endanger the safety of nations are infinite, and for this reason no constitutional shackles can wisely be imposed on the power to which the care of it is committed. . . . the Union ought to be invested with full power to levy troops. . . ."

JOHN C. CALHOUN, a foe of centralized government, was also alert to military problems. He observed on the floor of Congress in 1816 that "All free nations of antiquity entrusted the defense of the country, not to the dregs of society, but to the body of free citizens." He called for the lengthening of the training required of the militia, though he realized that he uttered "truths unpleasant to those who wish to enjoy liberty without making the necessary efforts to secure it."

Calhoun's statement could be paraphrased today and used against those who argue vocally for a strong foreign policy, military preparedness, and containment, even victory, over Communism but refuse to support measures necessary to make these commitments credible.

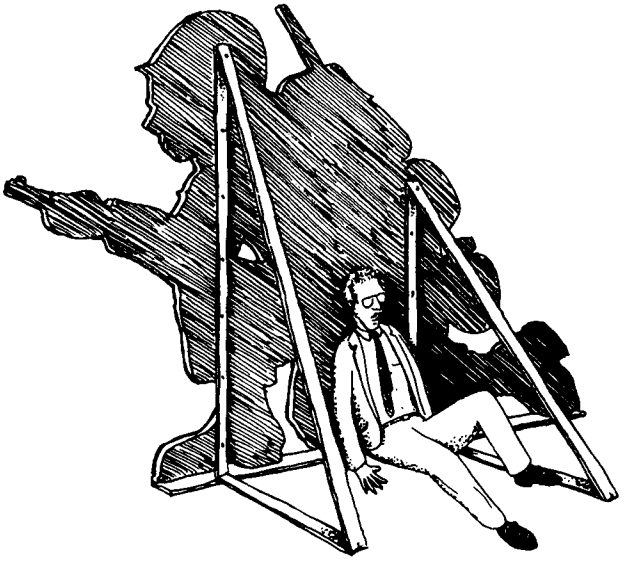
There is every indication that our capability to wage conventional war is no longer credible. Since the end of draft calls in 1971, military manpower has declined by over 600,000 men (24 per cent). The Reserves and National Guard were 543,000 men (42 per cent) short of their requirements in 1978, according to a study by Kenneth J. Coffey for the American Enterprise Institute. A recent Defense Department study concluded that the United States would have to use nuclear weapons to stop the Soviets should they decide to send troops into the Persian Gulf. Since it is highly unlikely that any American Government would resort to such a first use of nuclear weapons, what the report is actually saying is that given our current inadequate force levels we could not defend a region vital to the West.

In addition to the material decline of our forces, there is the psychological aspect. The draft was abandoned under intense pressure from the New Left in the streets and the liberals in the Congress. Even though its replacement, the All Volunteer Army, was implemented by a Republican President who did not share the antiwar philosophy of the leftists, it was accepted by many conservatives not out of conviction but out of expediency, as a tactic to cool off the campuses. Hence the birth of the Volunteer Army is directly associated with the Vietnam syndrome which has paralyzed our foreign policies for a decade.

It is interesting to note that the Republican President involved, Richard Nixon, has since called for a resumption of the draft in his book *The Real War*. He gives as his reasons for reversing his position the fact that the All Volunteer Force has not lived up to expectations and his belief that the draft is a necessary symbol of American resolve.

Among our major allies, only England, Japan, and Canada do not use conscription, and all three contribute less than their share to Allied defense. Sixty per cent of the forces of our other NATO allies are conscripts. Americans often complain that our allies do not do enough, but our allies have been willing to shoulder the burden of conscription in peacetime while we have not.

The essential point to remember is that conscription is not unusual. Our country has always turned to it when it proved impossible or impractical to provide what was needed for security by voluntary enlistment alone. It was used by both sides in the Civil War, and again in World War I and World War II and the wars in Korea and Vietnam. Twice in the past forty years we have implemented peacetime conscription, in 1940 and 1948, when international dangers threatened. The period of conscription begun in 1948 lasted until 1973. Conservatives can argue over the *timing* or the *method* of conscription, but I do not understand how they can reject the *principle* of conscription without abandoning both history and common sense, two elements to which conservatives normally and quite rightly adhere. □



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A MOST DEFERENTIAL TERM

In the term just past, the nine Justices made no waves. They deferred to the will of Congress, to the dictates of the sovereign states, to the authority of the Executive. Bye-bye judicial activism

Conservatism at the High Court

JAMES J. KILPATRICK

ON THE SURFACE, it was a placid term of the U.S. Supreme Court that ended on July 2. The Court handed down 125 opinions, but none of them qualified as a landmark. Nothing came along in criminal law to rank with *Miranda*; nothing in the field of civil rights approached *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. Even in dissent, none of the Justices made waves.

The surface appearances were deceiving. Some critics have complained that the Court under Chief Justice Warren Earl Burger, like Churchill's famous pudding, has no theme —but the critics are wrong. Beneath the bland surface lie strong, consistent currents of jurisprudence. The activism that marked the days of Earl Warren, when the Court plunged into seas of political and social controversy, has been replaced by a cautious and respectful conservatism.

In the term just ended, we saw the most deferential Court in many years. The Court deferred to Congress; the Court deferred to the Executive. Praising the virtues of federalism, the Court deferred to the sovereign states. The Court even deferred, most of the time, to the federal bureaucracy. The Justices genteelly deferred to one another: Justice Thurgood Marshall dissented 43 times and Justice William Brennan 39 times, but these were feeble scores against the records racked up by William O. Douglas. Sixteen cases saw unanimous opinions; 23 others brought separate concurrences but no dissents. In only twenty cases did the Court split 5 to 4. Nearly half a century ago, Harlan Fiske Stone laid down the maxim by which the present Court is guided: "The only check upon our own exercise of power," he wrote, "is our own sense of self-restraint." That vital sense is working well.

Time after time, the Court bowed to the will of the Congress. In *Rostker* v. *Goldberg*, for example, the Court had to decide whether an act requiring the draft registration only of men discriminated against women. In the lower court, a three-judge panel had marshaled impressive reasoning to support that complaint. In the high court, a six-man majority tossed that reasoning aside. Speaking through Justice William Rehnquist, the majority held that the case was more than merely one more case involving "the customary deference accorded congressional decisions." Here the issue involved the authority of Congress over national defense and military affairs, "and perhaps in no other area has the Court accorded Congress greater deference." After all, Rehnquist added, admonishing his three dissenting brothers, "the Congress is a coequal branch of government whose members take the same oath we do to uphold the Constitution of the United States."

In *McCarty* v. *McCarty* a different six-man majority exhibited the same politesse. The case involved a property settlement between an army colonel and his wife of 19 years. Under California law, Patricia Ann McCarty was entitled to roughly half of the colonel's future retirement pay. Ah, said Justice Harry Blackmun, but the law of California must yield to the law of the land. An officer's retirement pay is not like a pension based upon past services; on the contrary, it is "reduced compensation for reduced current services." The retirement system is not designed for the benefit of divorced wives, but for the benefit of the armed services. The purpose is to encourage orderly promotion and to maintain a youthful military force. The value of retirement pay as an inducement to re-enlist would be diminished if an officer knew that he might be involuntarily transferred to a state that would divide that pay upon divorce. In its wisdom and compassion, to be sure, Congress could change the federal law, "but this decision is for Congress alone."

In *Monroe* v. *Standard Oil Company*, this deference to legislative power approached a comic level. This was one of the 5 to 4 decisions. Remarkably, *both* sides insisted upon upholding the perceived intent of Congress. The case involved a military reservist in Lima, Ohio. His reserve duties required attendance at monthly drills and summer camps, with the result that he lost some hours at the refinery where he worked. The majority said, Tough luck, but Congress has laid no duty upon employers to accommodate reservists. "This Court does not sit to draw the most appropriate balance between benefits to employee-reservists and costs to employers. That is the responsibility of Congress." The four dissenters found this an "erroneous interpretation, contrary to congressional intent."

The Court bowed to Congress in a case involving Medicaid and in a case involving railroad retirement. Late in the term, the Court upheld the historic authority of the legislative

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On the conservative side we have been pleading for years for strict construction and judicial restraint. For a term or two, at least, we are getting what we asked for. It may be dull, but it's delightful, too

branch over our mailboxes: these can be used only for the deposit of stamped mail, and not for the distribution of the fliers of civic groups. Repeatedly the Court invoked the hoary doctrine that judges must not substitute their own notions of social policy for the expressed will of Congress. Judges have been saying this for years; they say it whenever their prejudices coincide with the expressed will of Congress. But in the term just ended, members of the Burger Court seemed to mean it.

In this regard the Chief Justice himself, in one notable case, led all the rest. This was the Florida case testing the use of television cameras in criminal courtrooms. Does the presence of a TV reporter prejudice a fair trial? It is well known that Burger loathes TV, but who wrote the opinion upholding Florida's right to experiment with TV coverage? The Chief in person.

The Florida case was one of several in which the old doctrines of federalism were defended. The Court upheld a Utah statute requiring physicians, if possible, to notify the parents of a teenaged girl seeking an abortion. The Court found nothing wrong with an Arizona law that departs from "one person/one vote" in water conservation districts. Minnesota's statute on milk containers placed no unconstitutional burden on interstate commerce. Montana's steep severance tax on coal, by the same token, was merely a manifestation of powers reserved to the states respectively under the Tenth Amendment. In Illinois, a complicated, slow, and cumbersome system of challenging real-property tax assessments nevertheless was found to be "plain, speedy, and efficient," and hence within the powers of Cook County. The friendly principles of federalism reached even to the closing of a city street in Memphis; the intent of the closing was not to segregate neighborhoods but only to move traffic.

To be sure, the term saw exceptions to this pervasive punctilio. Federalism did not protect an Iowa law limiting the length of trucks. A Connecticut procedure in paternity cases could not pass muster. The Borough of Mt. Ephraim in Camden County, N.J. was told it could not invoke its zoning power to prohibit nude dancing in a porn shop.

The delightful trend toward judicial restraint produced some ironies also. The Court deferentially upheld a tough federal law on strip mining, even though the law demands ridiculous results in the rugged mountain terrain of southwest Virginia. The Court bowed to federal authority in water pollution regulations, even if the regulations force some companies out of business. Textile manufacturers got the word that "feasible" in the law means "feasible" in practice, and never mind a balance between benefits and costs. Mine owners learned that nothing in the Fourth Amendment requires federal inspectors to get a warrant in advance. If business and industry are aggrieved by such exercises in strict construction, let them look to Congress for relief. Justices must not substitute their own notions of wise social policy, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

In the last few days of the term, the Court disposed of two cases that might have been raised to landmark dimensions. Both involved the power of the Executive. In *Haig* v. *Agee*, the Court almost matter-of-factly upheld the authority of a Secretary of State to revoke a passport for cause. The decision set off a loud but unwarranted flap within the liberal community, where dark perils were seen to freedom of speech and freedom to travel abroad. A careful reading of Burger's opinion for the seven-man majority makes it clear that Philip Agee's passport was revoked not for what the renegade said, but for what he did in trying to disrupt our intelligence-gathering capacity. In the Iranian assets case, without significant dissent the Court upheld President Carter's deal on the hostages—but Rehnquist's opinion was cast so narrowly that it provides no sweeping precedential authority for future cases.

So the term went. Nothing much happened in criminal law. In attempting to clarify Fourth Amendment questions of search and seizure and Sixth Amendment issues of a right to counsel, the Court succeeded in making matters more opaque. In the field of sex discrimination, the Court waffled; two cases sustained equal rights for women, two cases went the other way. No cases dealt significantly with freedom of the press or freedom of religion. The only case that dealt notably with these issues produced a splintered majority upholding the power of a state to restrict the Krishna cultists at state fairs.

The spirit of judicial restraint was reflected even in the dissents. Some of us who cover the Court may be forgiven a nostalgic sigh for the good old days when Black, Douglas, and Frankfurter hurled gutsy insults at each other. These days only Rehnquist flings the barbed remark. In a Jehovah's Witnesses case, he observed tartly that his erring brothers had succeeded only in "adding mud to the already muddied waters of First Amendment jurisprudence." In another case he accused the majority of "a remarkable feat of judicial alchemy." In a Kentucky criminal case he deplored the "singular paucity of reasoning" displayed by his colleagues. Tame stuff, tame stuff.

With the retirement July 3 of Justice Potter Stewart, some change can be expected in the fall term, but probably not much. We may reasonably anticipate the smooth confirmation of Mr. Reagan's nominee to replace him, Sandra O'Connor of Arizona. The Court's first woman comes fully credentialed as a Goldwater Republican, but history raises a flag of caution: nominees do not always turn out as ap-

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pointing Presidents expect. Mr. Eisenhower, a moderately conservative fellow, wanted judges in his own image; he chose Harlan, Whittaker, and Stewart, who worked out well, but he also named Earl Warren and William Brennan to the bench. Mr. Nixon also wanted staunch conservatives; he got two splendid ones in Burger and Rehnquist; he got a moderate conservative in Powell, and these days it's hard to say what Mr. Nixon got in Harry Blackmun. During the past term, Blackmun broke 41 times from Burger and Rehnquist and disagreed 42 times with Brennan and Marshall. Mrs. O'Connor's judicial experience has been limited to construing the state law of Arizona, with little opportunity to grapple with federal statutes or with constitutional issues. She may prove to be another Rehnquist on the high court, but then again, she may not.

My guess is that the same currents and divisions that were so evident in the 1980-81 term will continue largely unchanged in the term that begins next October. Brennan is 75; Marshall just turned 73. The Court's two most liberal members disagreed in the past term on only ten of the 125 cases. At the other end of the spectrum sit Burger, who will be 74 in September, and Rehnquist, 57 in October. The two most conservative members disagreed in only 11 cases. Powell is rising 74, Blackmun is 72, White 64, and Stevens 61. They will continue to hold a middle ground. As for Madame Justice O'Connor—a title that will take some getting used to—we can only wait and see.

I would venture one forlorn hope, in looking to the future when some of the septuagenarians may be summoned to yet a higher court. This is that Mr. Reagan will search for replacements who possess some felicitous command of the English language. With occasional lapses into clarity, the eight returning Justices all write pedestrian prose. Rehnquist and Stevens now and then get off a luminous line, but the occasions are infrequent. Powell has the finest mind on the Court, but his opinions proceed at the methodical, measured pace of drying paint.

With those mildly dyspeptic observations, I remain content. On the conservative side, we have been pleading for years for strict construction and judicial restraint. For a term or two, at least, we are getting what we asked for. It may be dull, but it's delightful, too. □

ATWIS!

". . . to protect themselves, those left behind in the [Labor] party have developed a rhetorical trick which one hears more and more. It could be called the ATWIS syndrome, ATWIS being almost an acronym for And That's Why I'm a Socialist. It is used as the emphasis, the exclamation mark at the end of virtually any declaration of principle or policy. . . ."

—*Simon Hoggart,* Punch

The thoughtful lad of noble birth,
Who pondered on his social worth,
Decided he was just the same
As one sans hyphen in his name.
ATWIS!

He casts about for party strong
To help correct this awesome wrong;
As Labor's pudgy hand he grasps
Their slogan to his breast he clasps:
ATWIS!

The hyphen from his name he lops,
His family title quickly drops,
He starts to march throughout the land,
A banner streaming from his hand:
ATWIS!

But many there resist his call—
Dupes and bullies, one and all!
The need for strength he quickly learns,
And always to the Left he turns.
ATWIS!

But fascist foes are never through.
A revolution's clearly due:
The social order full remade,
And homage to the banner paid!
ATWIS!

And when the preparation's through,
With union bosses makes a coup,
For Parliament they seek to bind
To dictates of a single mind:
ATWIS!

That evening, when the deed is done,
He lies upon his bed alone;
While he stares off into space,
A vision lights his handsome face:
He sees the mass of workers free,
And boldly at their head stands—he!
He mounts upon a platform strong,
And beams out at the gathered throng!
Millions shouting forth his praise
Their throats his name to heaven raise!
And as from consciousness he slips,
A single word breathes through his lips:
"ATWIS!"

—Jonathan Swift Somers II

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FORMALDEHYDE FIASCO

How to Destroy a Business

MAGGIE LEDFORD LAWSON

IN TRUE KANGAROO court fashion, the Consumer Product Safety Commission (CPSC) has acted as judge, jury, and executioner in the case of urea formaldehyde foam insulation (UFFI). The Commission's crusade against the highly conjectural health hazards of formaldehyde, a trace ingredient in the insulation, culminated last December in a premature pronouncement that the product poses a risk of cancer in humans. A proposed ban passed in mid-January by a 3 to 2 vote.

The Commission, in handling the UF foam insulation issue, has proceeded like the architect in *Gulliver's Travels* who devised a new method for building houses: "beginning at the Roof, and working downwards to the Foundation." The CPSC did not wait for hard evidence that formaldehyde is carcinogenic in humans. Undeterred by scientists' ongoing debate on the health effects of the widely used chemical, the eager regulators plunged ahead with a series of press releases and boldly lettered "Alert Sheets," unduly alarming the public, causing the resale value of individual UF-foam-insulated homes to drop by as much as $20,000, and dealing a mortal blow to a small but previously thriving industry.

The damage to the industry already is enormous, and much of it is irreversible. Of the 32 manufacturers of UFFI and the 1,500 dealers and installers in business in 1977, only seven manufacturers and approximately 280 dealers and installers remain. The Federal Government has brought a business to the edge of bankruptcy without having to bother with a formal ban. Leland Sayers, one of the UFFI survivors, says: "In six weeks' time after Harry Cohen of the Commission went on national news with the proposed ban, we had over $28,000 in bad checks. People stopped payment or closed out their accounts."

Behind the decision to propose a ban on UF foam insulation are 1,600 consumer complaints, many of which the industry claims the agency "solicited" in a major lobbying effort.

The consumer complaints include a doctor's bag of symptoms: loss of hair, miscarriages, bloated stomachs, viral pneumonia, even respiratory infection in a cat. Other health problems—eye, nose, and throat irritation, coughing and shortness of breath, skin irritations, nausea—are more plausible. When improperly installed, UF foam insulation can cause these symptoms. But so can cigarette smoke, peanuts, and pollen.

SOME of the complaints may have been justified, as UFFI industry leaders acknowledge. Demand for the insulation increased dramatically during the energy crisis of the early 1970s. "Getting into the foam business was easy and cheap," says Josh Lanier of the National Insulation Certification Institute. "We got some fly-by-night guys who didn't go by the manufacturers' standards. They'd do a bad job and then leave town."

Tests in some homes have shown relatively high levels of formaldehyde —but not just homes that have UF foam insulation. The chemical is in wide use. It puts the permanent press in clothing. It is present in toothpaste, cosmetics, and shampoo, and in plywood, draperies, and carpeting. If, indeed, scientists should find evidence that formaldehyde is carcinogenic, the federal wrecking crews would have to dismantle every house in the land to create a formaldehyde-free environment.

This scenario seems as unnecessary as it is impractical. Scientists have yet to find a case of cancer in humans that can be provably linked to formaldehyde. Several mortality studies involving formaldehyde workers, pathologists, and morticians, all of whom are exposed to high levels of formaldehyde over long periods of time, have shown no overall excess of cancer, no incidence of nasal cancer, and no excess of respiratory tract cancer.

In deciding against UFFI, CPSC staff members relied primarily on an incomplete study from the Chemical Industry Institute of Toxicology, in which rats and mice developed nasal cancer after being subjected for two years to dosages of formaldehyde enormously higher than a person could tolerate. They were exposed to formaldehyde at levels of 2, 6, and 15 parts per million (ppm), six hours a day, five days a week. The CPSC regulators themselves concede that "many people can tolerate exposures to 4 to 5 ppm for only ten to thirty minutes." Dr. Harry Demopoulos, an associate professor at New York Medical Center, calls the Institute's experiment "fatally flawed." "The rats' nasal passages were probably overwhelmed. They became inflamed and infected, which may well have contributed to the tumor formation." Other scientists and researchers agree.

Using this tenuous evidence, the agency staff arrived at a remarkable conclusion: "A reasonably conservative approach predicts up to 150 persons out of approximately 1.75 million people living in an estimated 500,000 homes insulated with UFFI may develop cancer as a result of exposure to formaldehyde released from UFFI."

The Consumer Product Safety Commission may soon be called upon to justify in court its upside-down approach to regulation. The largest and oldest of the hard-hit UF foam insulation makers, Rapco Foam, Inc., has filed a $36-million suit in a U.S. District Court in South Carolina, charging the Commission and certain of its employees with issuing "libelous and false information" to the public on the carcinogenic properties of UF foam insulation.

While the CPSC slowly works its way through the decision-making maze —the period for consideration of the ban has been extended from the usual sixty days to six months because of the "complexity" of the issue—the surviving UFFI firms are struggling just to stay in business. For many of these companies, whether or not the Commission decides to tighten the federal noose into an outright ban won't matter much.

William B. Gray, Rapco's vice president, sums up the impact of a federal press release in a few words. "We've been had." □

Mrs. Lawson is a Washington-based freelance reporter.

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How Amoco uses an evolving science to help search for new oil and natural gas.

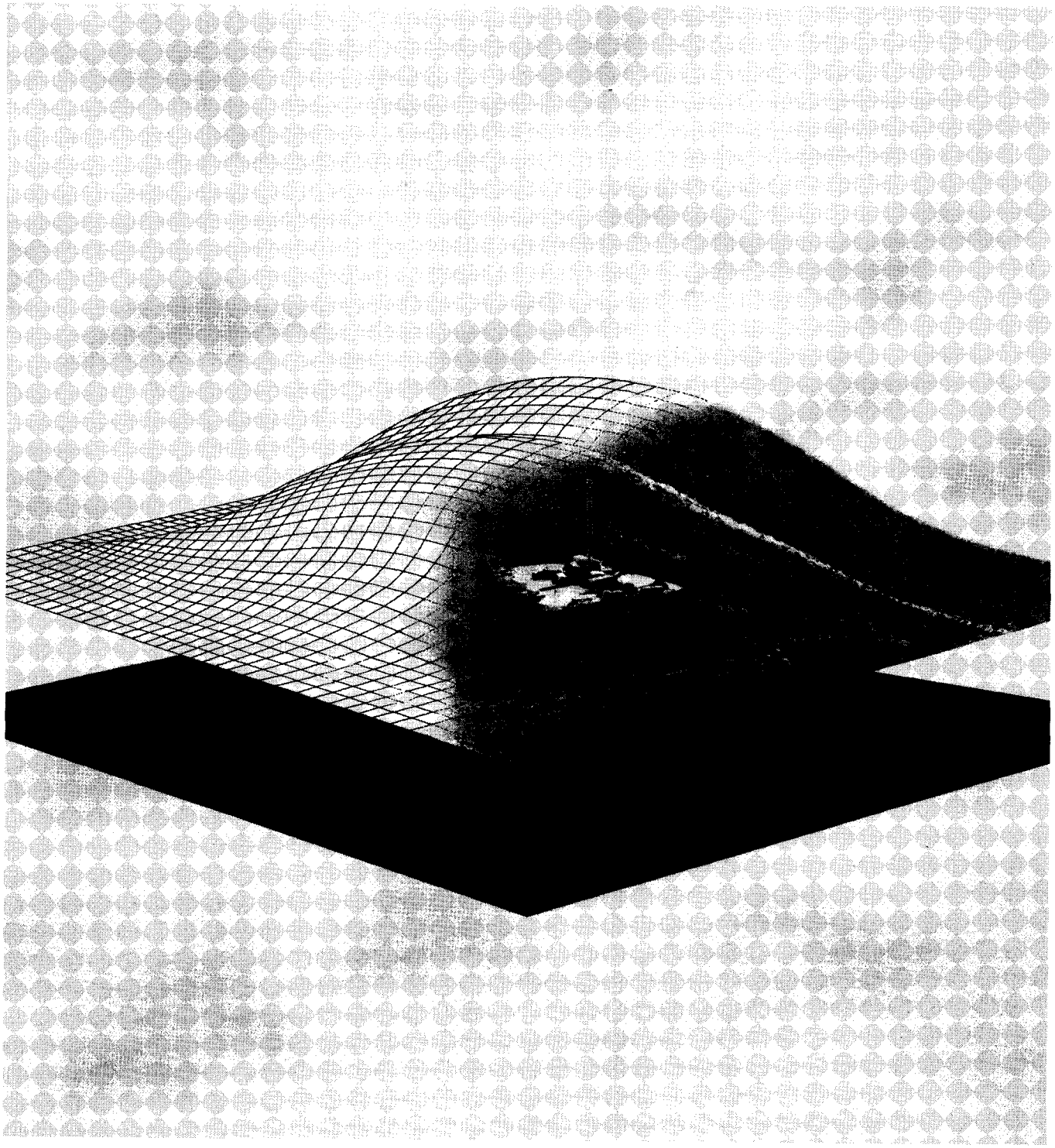
The earth science known as geochemistry is helping Amoco scientists determine the thermal maturity of organic matter in the earth's crust. Oil and natural gas can be present and discovered only in those regions where source beds have been properly matured with the correct ratios of heat and time.

Geochemists use a variety of techniques on rock samples, including pyrolysis and solvent extraction to determine where and when the source beds have expelled their oil.

These techniques and others have aided Amoco in understanding the potential of discoveries such as those in the Overthrust Belt in Utah and Wyoming. Amoco is working in this science and others to provide the energy to keep America growing in the year 2000 and beyond.

AMOCO

You expect more from a leader.



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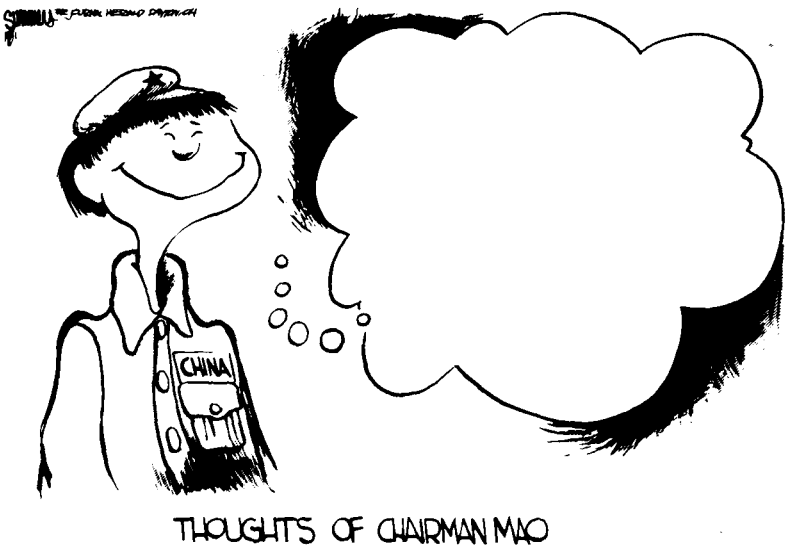
help!!!!

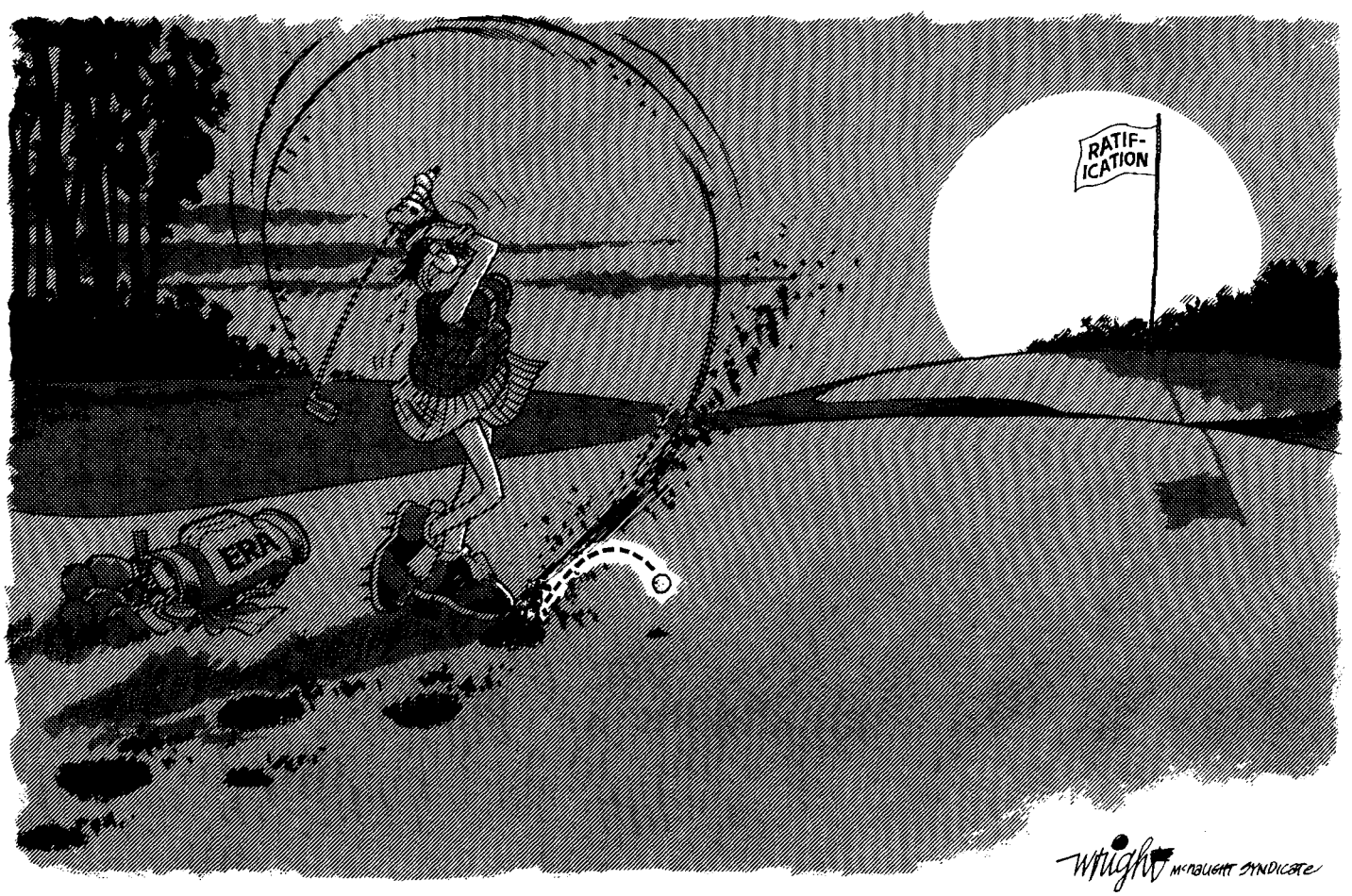
Contrary Opinion

Take me out to the ball game;
  Take me where there's no crowd.
Buy me a seat where they used to yak—
I don't care if they *never* come back.
You can root for guys on the home team;
  I've forgotten their names.
What a joy to turn to TV
  And see no ball games!

W. H. von Dreele



THOUGHTS OF CHAIRMAN MAO



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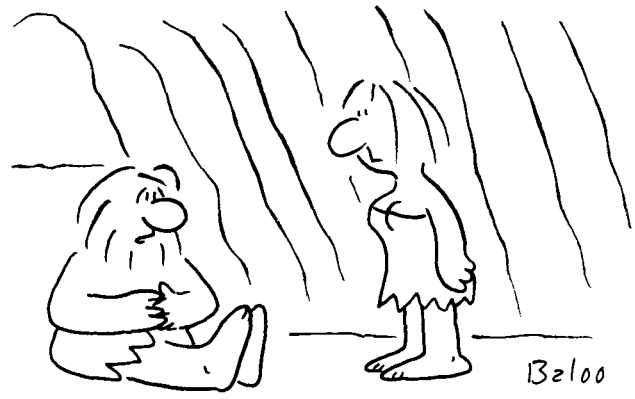
"'How to Enjoy Sex, Protect Your Investments, Lose Weight, and Be More Self-Assertive, While Dressing Right for the Job.' It has zap, all right—but now, for promotion . . ."



"I should never have eaten that pterodactyl!"

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TUITION TAX CREDIT

A Break for Poor Parents

MICHAEL SCHWARTZ

THE PACKWOOD-MOYNIHAN tuition tax credit bill, sidetracked three years ago by intense pressure from the National Education Association and the Carter Administration, is up for consideration again by the 97th Congress. The proposal would permit families paying tuition for education in elementary, secondary, or post-secondary institutions to take a credit on their federal income tax of 50 per cent of the tuition paid, up to a maximum of $500 per student.

There are 38 new senators since the last Senate vote on tax credits, and most of them are likely to be more friendly to the proposal than their predecessors were. The Reagan Administration, meanwhile, is firmly committed to tax credits and, just as important perhaps, the National Education Association has been momentarily shorn of its political clout, if not its stridency.

The arguments on either side are much the same as they were three years ago. Proponents say tax credits will give more families freedom of choice in the education of their children, ease the financial burden of nonpublic schooling, preserve pluralism in education, and improve the overall quality of American education. Opponents claim that tax credits are an unconstitutional form of aid to religion, that they will destroy the public-school system, and that they will discriminate against the poor. The difference between 1978 and 1981 is that the large uncommitted middle seems to be leaning toward tax credits. Realizing this, the opponents of nonpublic schools have come up with an argument tailored to appeal to the sharp-penciled budget-cutters of the Reagan Administration: the cost of tuition tax credits. This theme has been taken up by the editorialists of many major newspapers, who think they have caught the Reagan Administration in a contradiction. If the President really wants to balance the budget and reduce government spending, they ask, how does he square this with a proposal that will reduce tax revenues and transfer part of the cost of nonpublic education from the private to the public sector?

At first blush, this argument appears to make sense. While the public generally supports the idea of tuition tax credits, that support could evaporate if word gets out that the measure is going to cost money. Especially if the only response tax credit advocates can muster is a mumbled dodge about the price of freedom.

In fact, the claim that tuition tax credits would be a burden on the public purse rests on the assumption that the proportional distribution of student enrollment between public and nonpublic schools will be unaffected by the introduction of tax credits. Such an assumption is completely unrealistic. One thing both supporters and opponents of the measure agree on is that a tax credit will result in the transfer of some students out of public and into nonpublic schools; and wherever this occurs, it will help to reduce the cost of operating the public-school systems.

Blacks in RC Schools

Producing such an enrollment shift is, in fact, one of the primary purposes of the bill. It is designed to give the power of choice to families who cannot now afford to choose nonpublic schools for their children. Opponents of tax credits assume that this shift will occur; indeed they fear tax credits will provoke a mass exodus of students out of public and into nonpublic schools.

The primary reason for this expected shift in enrollment is widespread dissatisfaction with the public schools. In a Gallup poll last fall on attitudes toward public schools, only 10 per cent of the respondents gave public schools an "A" rating, and 25 per cent, a "B." That means that two out of three Americans believe that public schools are doing only a fair or a poor job in educating the next generation.

More significantly, the highest degree of dissatisfaction with public schools was found among Northern blacks and residents of big cities, while the highest degree of satisfaction exists among residents of rural areas and cities of less than fifty thousand. This should surprise no one. The public schools of major urban centers are notoriously plagued with crime, violence, and illiteracy, while in smaller districts the schools tend to be much better in terms of discipline, parental involvement, and academic performance.

Obviously, tax credits will have their greatest impact on enrollment patterns in the cities—partly for the above reasons, and partly because the two groups most likely to take advantage of the tax credits are both largely urban-based. They are Catholics, who have traditionally supported their own system of parochial schools, and racial minorities, especially blacks, who have become a new and rapidly expanding clientele for nonpublic education.

Enrollment in Catholic schools has been falling fast over the past decade. Throughout the Sixties, Catholic schools had more than five million students enrolled; today they have just over three million. As late as 1970, there were ten diocesan school systems with over 100,000 students, and four with more than 200,000 students. Ten years later, only five dioceses had as many as 100,000 students, and the largest of them, Chicago, had only 188,000, a decline of more than 35 per cent.

A number of factors have contributed to the decline, including demographic shifts, but a loss of confidence in their parish schools among Catholics is not one of them. Father Andrew Greeley, who finds sociological evidence for a loss of confidence in just about every other aspect of Catholicism, has discovered that support for Catholic education is as strong among Catholics today as it has ever been, with young Catholics just as likely as older Catholics to support parochial schools.

The shrinking student population in Catholic schools must be attributed,

Mr. Schwartz is a director of public affairs for the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights in Milwaukee.

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above anything else, to the overwhelming increase in the cost of operating those schools, and hence of the tuition that parents must pay. The experience of the Catholic school system in Philadelphia is a case in point.

Traditionally, virtually every parish in Philadelphia had its own school, and about 90 per cent of the Catholic children in the city attended those schools. Until the late Sixties, tuition in Philadelphia's Catholic schools was either free or nominal. As late as 1970, the archdiocesan school system had more than 250,000 students. Within ten years, enrollment had fallen by a third.

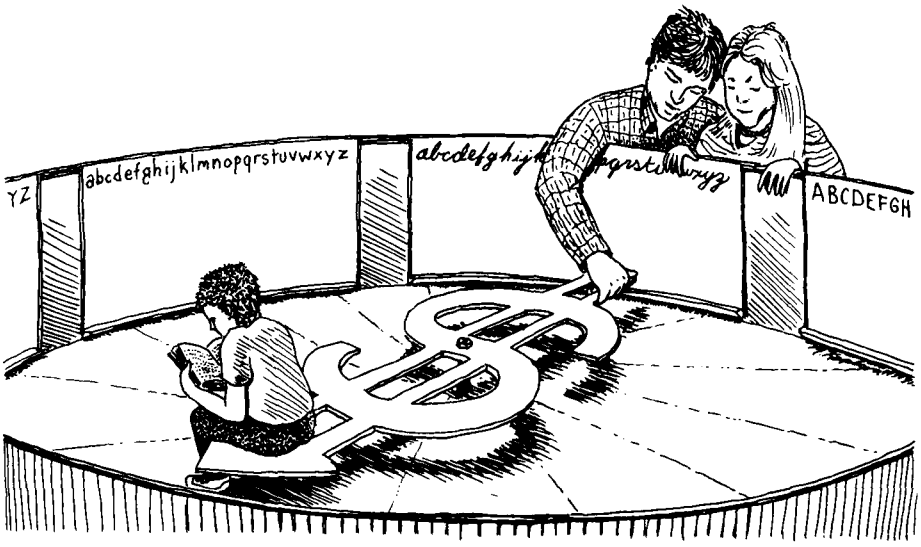
What had happened was that spiraling costs during the Seventies had forced a new tuition increase every year or two. The average tuition in Philadelphia's Catholic elementary schools is now up to $550, while the archdiocesan high schools charge $800 a year.

Working-class families, especially those with three or four children in school, simply cannot meet such costs. Catholics in Philadelphia have not turned their backs on Catholic education. Indeed, they still contribute as generously as they can to keep the schools open, and even now a majority of Catholic children still attend Catholic schools. But for thousands of families, their own children have been priced out of the market. The same pattern can be observed in other cities, such as Boston, where parochial education has not always been such an integral part of Catholic life. There, in spite of an increase in the Catholic population, and in spite of turbulence over the desegregation of public schools through busing, Catholic school enrollment has been cut almost in half. Here, too, tuition increases have been the major factor in the decline in enrollment. Tax credits will make it possible for families with marginal incomes to reverse this trend.

The other urban group that stands to benefit greatly from tax credits is the black population. As white Catholic children have left the Catholic schools during the past decade, those same schools have become havens for black inner-city families seeking quality education for their children. In fact, as the number of white students in Catholic schools has declined by almost two million, the number of blacks has increased by over forty thousand.

CORE Stepped In

Blacks, who make up just 2 per cent of the total Catholic population, now account for almost 8 per cent of the Catholic school enrollment. There is an approximately equal number of Hispanic students in Catholic schools, but almost all of them are Catholics, whereas more than half of the black children in Catholic schools come from non-Catholic homes. They have been attracted not by the religious orientation of the schools but by their superior learning environment and academic excellence. Cheek by jowl with inner-city public schools where sixth-graders are two to three years behind grade level in basic reading and math skills, Catholic schools, drawing their students from the same neighborhoods, report performance at or above grade level.



The question is asked: Are these good results the effect of selective admissions or freedom to expel problem students? Mostly, no. And, in any case, black parents remain convinced that nonpublic schools offer their children a better education and a better chance in life than they can find in the local public schools. In New York City, 38 per cent of the Catholic school students are nonwhite. In Washington, 76 per cent are nonwhite. Similar percentages prevail in most big cities. The Catholic schools of Chicago last year, for the first time in more than a decade, showed an increase rather than a decrease in enrollment, and all of that gain was attributable to the enrollment of mostly non-Catholic black children.

The most startling aspect of this phenomenon is that the black parents who are sending their children to Catholic and other nonpublic schools are, in many cases, extremely poor. A study of 55 inner-city private schools in eight major cities, conducted in the 1978-79 school year by the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights, showed that half the students in those schools came from homes with an annual income of less than $10,000. Many of them came from families living below the official poverty level and were eligible for free lunches and other welfare benefits. In spite of their poverty, these families were so determined to give their children a good education that they were making the necessary sacrifices to scrape together the $300 or $400 needed to pay tuition. In some families, a "lifeboat ethics" had to be practiced, in which one child went to a Catholic school, while his brothers and sisters had to attend public school.

In addition to inner-city Catholic schools, a number of non-sectarian "community" schools have sprung up in black neighborhoods in recent years. When a Catholic school in Harlem had to close down in 1977, the Congress of Racial Equality took it over as a non-sectarian private school. With the same students and the same faculty, the school carried on for two years before financial difficulties closed it for good.

The same kind of inner-city private schools, walking the same financial tightrope, exist in every other large city. Some of them close after a few years, like the CORE school. Others manage to find enough financial backing to stay

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in existence without charging a tuition that would be beyond the means of their clients. All of them are helping to meet a great demand for quality education in inner-city neighborhoods.

A tax credit program, giving low-income families the financial means to send their children to nonpublic schools, would enable these community schools to flourish. That, in turn, would provide some stability in blighted urban neighborhoods and would help in some measure to foster the initiative and economic independence that Reagan economists see as the solution to the syndrome of urban black poverty. While the cities will be the greatest beneficiaries, however, they will be far from the only ones. Tax credits are likely to affect enrollment trends in every size and type of school district, largely because of the recent and rapid growth of fundamentalist-oriented Christian schools all over the country. This movement springs from an increasing uneasiness among Christian parents over what they regard as the "secularism" of public schools.

The political energies of the Christian school movement have been concentrated so far on simply establishing their independence from state control. They are interested in maintaining discipline and teaching the truth according to their own philosophies, and the parents who have sent their children to these schools have shown themselves willing to pay the cost of the solid, Bible-based education they offer. But fundamentalist and evangelical Christians include a large number of non-affluent families who might find Christian schools preferable to public schools if they could more easily afford to pay the tuition.

Many Will Opt Out

It is safe to say, then, that enactment of tax credits will result in the shift of a substantial number of students from public into nonpublic schools. This enrollment shift will be most pronounced in the major cities, but will not be limited to them. The exact size of that shift is impossible to predict. It will probably be limited only by the capacity of the nonpublic schools to absorb a sudden influx of new students, and that is a capacity that can be expanded, within a few years, to whatever point is necessary to meet the demand. In theory, this enrollment shift will benefit the taxpayer, because the public will no longer have to bear the expense of educating those children who attend nonpublic instead of public schools. In practice, we must ask how large a shift will be necessary to save enough in reduced public-school costs to make up for the immediate revenue loss of tax credits.

By 1982, the earliest date at which a tax credit program could be put into operation, the school-age population will be about 44 million, of whom about 5.5 million—or one in eight—will be attending nonpublic schools. Extending tax credits to the families of these children, at $250 each, will cost the federal treasury almost $1.4 billion in lost revenues. Therefore, transfers out of the public-school systems have to be numerous enough to reduce public-school costs by $1.4 billion—plus any additional amount needed to compensate for the tax credits for those children who transfer to nonpublic schools at that time.

To determine how large a shift is necessary to reach this break-even point, the cost of educating a child in public school must be determined. This figure varies from one district to another and, really, from one school to another. In many parts of the South, per-pupil costs for public education are still below $2,000, while in some Northern suburban school districts, average per-pupil costs are more than $4,000 a year. Since most of the anticipated enrollment shifts will occur in the large cities, however, public-school costs there will yield the most nearly accurate figure: on the average, about $3,000 a year.

To be sure, transfers will not reduce public-school costs by the total amount of the per-pupil expenditure. Public-school systems have many long-term and fixed costs with only minimal elasticity. What must be sought is the average short-run incremental cost of public education: By how much can school district X reduce its budget if it has five hundred or one thousand or five thousand fewer students to educate? A reasonably conservative estimate of this cost is about $2,000 per student, or two-thirds of the total estimated per-pupil cost.

So, then, each student who transfers out of the public-school system will cost the Federal Government another $250 in lost revenue due to the tax credit, but will save the local school district $2,000 in reduced educational expenses. Under this assumption, if the total national enrollment shift amounts to 800,000 students, the tax-credit program will pay for itself. This represents a shift of just 2 per cent of the total national public-school enrollment.

The economic effects of this shift can be verified by simple multiplication. With an additional 800,000 students, nonpublic-school enrollment would be approximately 6.3 million. At $250 per student, the federal revenue loss from tax credits for these students would be somewhat less than $1.6 billion. But at a savings of $2,000 each for the 800,000 transfer students, public-school expenses would be reduced by $1.6 billion. And if a million students transferred, the tax loss would be $1.625 billion, while the reduction in expenditures would be $2 billion; so once the break-even point is reached the net savings in tax expenditures mount rapidly.

The Parental Option

Bear in mind that the tax credit proposal does not entail the expenditure of funds by the Federal Government. It is, rather, a tax cut, a reduction in the amount of money the Federal Government collects in personal income taxes.

Meanwhile, local school districts need not lose a cent from this program (although as expenses decrease they should be able to reduce total taxation as well). The taxes that states and municipalities collect will be totally independent of this federal tax credit. In fact, the greatest financial beneficiaries of the tax credit program will be the hard-pressed city governments. Without suffering any immediate reduction in their own tax revenues, city school districts can save millions of dollars in reduced educational expenses by being relieved of the financial burden of educating those children who will transfer out of the public schools.

In these times when city officials are fighting to balance their budgets, they should welcome such an opportunity. With the Federal Government absorbing all the tax loss, tuition tax credits could at a single stroke reduce the level of federal spending, strengthen local government, and promote a maximum of individual freedom in education. □

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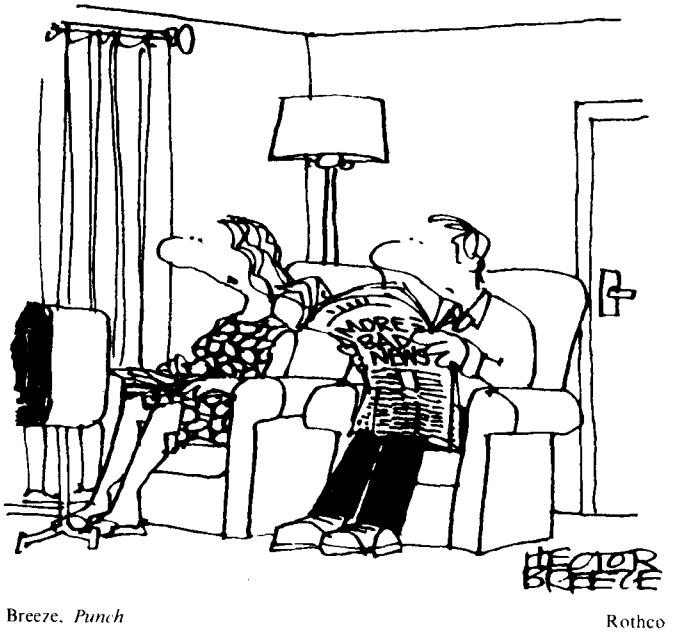
Abroad

Baghdad *Back Door*

American food and manufactured-goods exporters are doing a thriving business with Iraq, especially since the beginning of the war with Iran last year, through third-party trading in a number of Middle Eastern and European countries. The phenomenon reflects the bankruptcy of Iraq's commitment to its Russian and Eastern European Communist suppliers. There are no hard figures for most of this indirect trade activity, but agricultural commodities, construction equipment, machine tools, and tankers, all of which are badly needed by the Iraqi economy, are being exported from the United States to places like Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates (UAE) in large quantities for transshipment overland to Baghdad. U.S. exports to the UAE, for example, came to almost $1 billion last year compared to $667 million in 1979. If they continue at the present rate, these exports would amount to a total of $1.2 billion in 1981 and would make the Emirates, occupying a tiny enclave on the Persian Gulf coast, America's third-ranking trading partner in the whole Middle East. U.S. trade with Iraq had fallen drastically ten years ago after Baghdad concluded a treaty of close cooperation with Moscow. The current war knocked out what was left of direct commerce with America, but the Soviet Union and its partners were unable or unwilling to supply Iraq with what it needed. American business participation will shortly become official when a number of multinationals exhibit at the Baghdad Trade Fair later on this fall. American business is conscious that Iraq's petroleum reserves and its large population make it an extremely promising market—in fact, the most promising in the region—in the years ahead.



Breeze, *Punch* Rothco

"I suppose the recession will at least help to keep our minds off the Royal Wedding."

Peking *Trying to Consume*

Commercial advertising here has never gone very far, by Western standards, and yet it has already gone too far for the Chinese authorities. Posters in which various consumer items are presented, very chastely it must be noted, by young women are being hastily taken down in various parts of the city. According to the local press, their removal was prompted by letters from students, teachers, workers, and even soldiers complaining that there were "too many pictures of women" in the streets. So in their place there have been put up notices describing the nutritive value of various vegetables and charts indicating how to operate and maintain such appliances as washing machines, television sets, and tape recorders. These new posters supposedly respond to a public demand for "a more scientific attitude" in advertising. But any advertising seems to be beside the point in a country where consumer goods are to be found, if at all, at the end of a very long waiting line.

Belize *Independence Guaranteed*

The last European-ruled territory on the mainland of the Western Hemisphere, except for French Guiana, is Belize, formerly British Honduras, and it will be formally acceded independence in the autumn. Everyone concerned is now agreed on this course except the neighboring republic of Guatemala, which claims the Caribbean coastal country as part of its Spanish colonial inheritance. Talks among Belize, Britain, and Guatemala broke down recently on the independence issue. This means that an independent Belize will have to depend on British military guarantees, in case the Guatemalan government, uneasy at home, thinks of putting pressure on Belize after it graduates from colonial status.

Teheran *Business Resumed*

Disregarding the nine-month-old war between Iran and Iraq, and fuel shortages and political unrest in the Iranian capital, European airlines are resuming their regular flights to Teheran. Air France and Lufthansa have already started up service again, and Iberia and Swissair are scheduled to resume their flights soon. British Airways, Aeroflot, Alitalia, and KLM either are still dickering with Iranian officials or have not yet made firm plans. The landing rights of American airlines in Teheran were abrogated when the American Embassy was seized in November 1979.

London *Wings*

Old cars aren't the only vintage machines collectors will pay a lot of money for: antique airplanes are also prized items on the auction block. A Hawker Hurricane fighter of 1942 manufacture, the plane that with the Spitfire saved Britain from the Luftwaffe in the Second World War, was sold at Christie's recently for £260,000 ($520,000). The aircraft is said to be in good flying condition. Other sales included a 1946 de Havilland Mosquito, bought by the Weeks Air Museum in the United States for £100,000 ($200,000), and a 1934 de Havilland Leopard Moth, which went for £28,000 ($56,000).

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Galbraith's Brain

A Life in Our Times
By John Kenneth Galbraith
Houghton Mifflin, 563 pp., $16.95

KENNETH S. LYNN

When George Orwell argued that every career looks like failure if viewed from the inside, he obviously had not envisioned John Kenneth Galbraith in the act of autobiographical assessment. In *A Life in Our Times* the erstwhile Warburg Professor of Economics at Harvard not only exudes approval of himself from one end of the tale to the other, but also does not hesitate to include among the anecdotal illustrations of what a superior person he is a considerable number of stories that he had previously brought to our attention at least once if not several times in such earlier excursions into self-congratulation as *Annals of an Abiding Liberal*, *Ambassador's Journal*, *Journey to Poland and Yugoslavia*, *The Scotch*, and *Economics, Peace, and Laughter*. His invincible egotism has further prompted the memoirist to make space for lengthy quotations from *The Affluent Society* and other products of his pen, and to share with us the details of how many copies of his books have been sold, the number of translations they have achieved, the amount of money they have earned, and what admiring book reviewers have said about them.

Galbraith's life story is also much given over to listings of his prominent friends, listings which are often unrelieved by any sort of characterization of the people in question, but which never fail to refer to their once or future fame. For the author's desire to tell us what his friends are really like is not nearly as intense as his simple wish to let us know that his acquaintanceship is very wide. Hence he constantly confronts us with sentences that even a newspaper gossip columnist might find uninteresting: "In Stockholm I made the acquaintance of Bertil Ohlin, a later Nobel Prize winner and for long the leader of the Liberal Party; of the young Dag Hammarskjöld, then Undersecretary for Finance; of Karin Kock, later a government minister; and of Professor Gösta Bagge, then the head of the Conservative Party."

Whole paragraphs are similarly devoted to ticking off the names of the exotic lands that the peripatetic professor has visited at one time or another; and, whenever he attempts to break the monotony of these starkly boastful recitals, he is apt to do so not with a sensitive appreciation of a landscape or an interesting historical comment on a building, but with a fond tribute to his own quite astonishing talents. "Samarkand, not then on the tourist route, is one of the great delights of Asia. Since my years at *Fortune* I had been interested in photography and had raised my skill and eye to a subprofessional level. I spent two days photographing the tombs, mosques, and minarets. Because of the study that camera work requires, something often more valuable than the prints themselves, these monuments remain brilliant in my eye. The actual pictures found their way into scholarly use in the Harvard School of Design."

It is, however, not his narcissism per se, but the attendant inability to place his life in a historical perspective that makes the autobiographer such a pathetic figure. He came to fame a generation ago on the wings of a brilliantly condescending phrase—"the conventional wisdom"—and *A Life in Our Times* is full of equally patronizing remarks on the "comprehensively archaic views" of his economic and political enemies. But what the aging Galbraith does not seem yet to understand is that he himself has come to incarnate a conventional wisdom, that his own mind is now locked solid in the ice of orthodoxy. As he looks back on the arguments with which he has been identified, he feels no urge to reconsider them

David Brudnoy *is a radio and television talk-show host and arts critic residing in Boston.* . . . **Neal B. Freeman** *is the president of Jefferson Communications, Inc.* . . . **Kenneth S. Lynn** *teaches American history at Johns Hopkins.* . . . **Francis B. Randall** *is a professor of Russian history and Communist studies at Sarah Lawrence.*

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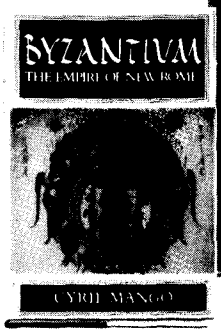

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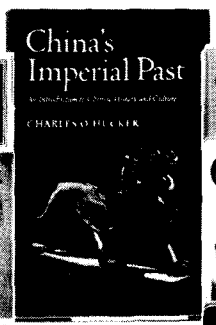

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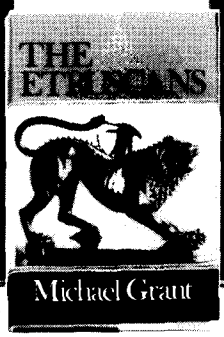

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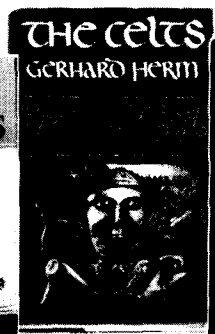

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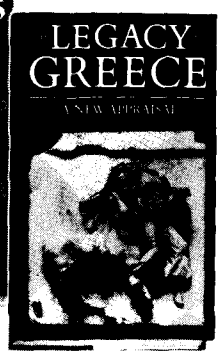

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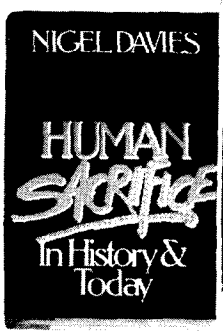

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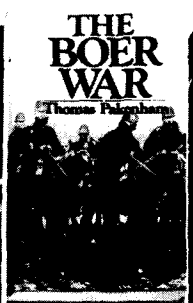

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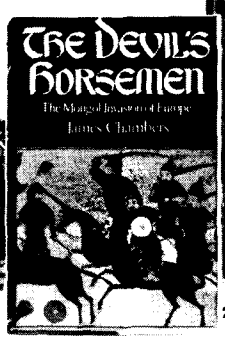

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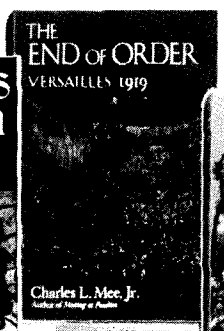

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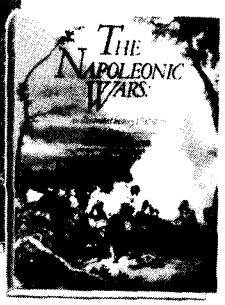

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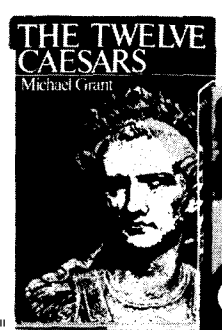

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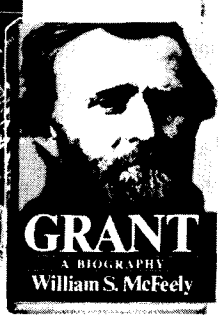

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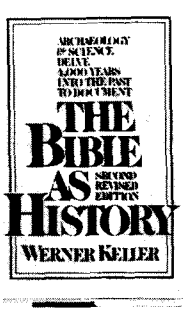

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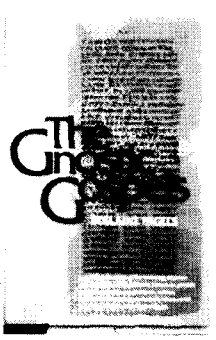

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in the light of later events; he experiences no realization of how often his personal feelings have managed to coerce his intellectual judgments. Lost in unawareness, he simply reasserts the validity of the positions he adopted in the 1940s and 1950s, and by so doing destroys any claim he may have had to be taken seriously by responsible readers in the 1980s.

One of the most striking instances of the author's blindness has to do with his lifelong pacifism. He spells out his ideas on the subject with a fair amount of eloquence. But because he is totally unable to look at himself with a detached and critical eye, he has not the slightest suspicion that his feelings about war might have corrupted the conclusions he came to as a director of the survey of the effects of strategic bombing on the wartime German economy.

In postwar Germany, Galbraith proclaimed that the air strikes against Hitler's Reich had been a "disastrous failure," and for proof he pointed to the rising graph of German arms production during the latter years of the war. The Germans, however, did not become really serious about mobilizing their economy until late 1942, and therefore the key question is not whether their production rose in spite of the bombing, but rather the extent to which the rise was blunted by it. Moreover, military experts have persuasively argued that the Allied bombing commands might have achieved even more disruptive results than they did if they had been more judicious about their selection of targets—if they had concentrated, for example, on oil facilities. But these matters are of no concern to Galbraith. As his autobiography damningly reveals, all he wants to do is to reiterate the arguments he made 35 years ago and to go on fulminating as usual about the "limitless perversity and danger of . . . the military mind." His interest in revising his ideas about World War II, or about any other war, is simply non-existent.

Having completed his work on the bombing survey, Galbraith flew home in a military aircraft. "A much-decorated sergeant shared a seat with me," he says, "and asked if I would like to hear of his war adventures. I told him I would not. He made several more attempts at conversation, which I rejected. Finally he asked me who I thought would win the World Series. I asked him what leagues were playing that year." Although the story is intended to portray the author as a man of moral sensitivity and superior breeding, it actually reveals him to be an aggressively ill-mannered snob.

In time, Galbraith's withering contempt for democratic man would lead him beyond private acts of rudeness to the composition of *The Affluent Society*, in which he would propose that American consumers in the mass were so lacking in independent-mindedness that their tastes and buying behavior were totally controlled by the advertising and sales departments of behemoth corporations. This argument had first been advanced by various journalists in the 1920s, much to the delight of readers who had been taught by H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis to despise the booboisie. But by the late 1950s, a new generation of readers, including hundreds of thousands of elitist liberals who were furious at the American electorate for having twice preferred Eisenhower to Stevenson, was eager to hear it again, and Galbraith had the shrewdness to comply.

Yet while Galbraith brilliantly understood the specialized audience to whom he addressed his book, he did not understand the general American audience at whom the advertisers were aiming any better than he did the intricacies of baseball. If it was true that the public was just putty in the hands of the advertisers, then why had the Edsel failed? Was it safe to assume that the typical TV viewer paid as close attention to commercials as Galbraith did when he was pondering their dire influence, or were commercials merely a background noise which the viewer had long since learned to consign to the margin of his consciousness? To answer these questions would have required Galbraith to enter upon an in-depth cultural analysis for which he lacked both intellectual discipline and intuitive feel. In the wake of *The Affluent Society*, therefore, he turned his attention from consumers to producers.

Although *The New Industrial State* usefully updates Berle and Means's magnum opus on the modern corporation and James Burnham's brilliant book on the managerial revolution, the case it develops on the emerging convergence in the industrial systems of the socialist and non-socialist worlds is finally just another example of the primacy of ideology in Galbraith's thinking, and of his consequent lack of importance as a social scientist. When he was asked one evening in Poland what the difference was between capitalism and Communism, he replied, "Under capitalism man exploits man. And under Communism it is just the reverse." That's a joke, son, but somehow it tells us all we need to know about the mind of John Kenneth Galbraith. □

Land of the Firebird: The Beauty of Old Russia
By Suzanne Massie
Simon & Schuster, 493 pp., $22.50

JEWELS AND FOOD

FRANCIS B. RANDALL

"It is perhaps Russia's greatest tragedy and glory that she has more talent for art than for politics." From this point of view, Mrs. Massie gives us a very special and often magical cultural history of Russia before the Revolution. She agrees with many nineteenth century Russian Romantics: Russians were a broad, spontaneous, warm, sharing, deeply religious, intensely vital, infinitely talented people; their culture boasted many geniuses and a common people overflowing with rich customs and ceremonies, natural poetry, and elaborate arts.

But the tragic core of the Russians' vision of their nation is absent from this book. The unending horrors of Russia's politics are referred to only occasionally. The inner agonies of its geniuses are discussed but played down. Westernization in Russia is regarded as a richness, not as the seed of a fatal schizophrenia. Much unpleasantness is ignored: for example, Diaghilev's homosexual love for Nijinsky. Mrs. Massie presents Russian culture not as the dark pageant we have so often heard about, but as a gorgeous dream.

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This is not a political history, though it contains anecdotal lives of the famous Czars and Empresses. There are also anecdotal lives of the great writers, but no real analyses of their works. There are accounts of many Russian cultural movements: the Wanderers, the Mighty Handful, the Ballets Russes, the Avant-Garde—but these are much less substantial than other accounts we have.

The magic of the book lies elsewhere. It lies in Mrs. Massie's recondite lore of Old Russian customs and incidents, of the life of St. Petersburg and the Russian countryside. We see Ivan the Terrible summoning two thousand maidens to Moscow, to select a worthy bride from among them. We are shown the dead Empress Elizabeth's lover, Razumovsky, throwing the scented records of their secret marriage in the fire to keep them from the Empress Catherine. We come upon a lady surprised by a bear in a suburban garden of St. Petersburg and hurling a novel by George Sand at the beast. We count the 630,000 samovars produced each year by forty factories in Tula. We rush down great wooden ski-jump-like ice slides in the Russian winter. We hear all the best stories about Russia.

The binding motifs of this glorious book are jewels and food. The dying Ivan the Terrible inspects his giant jewels for the last time. A record two-hundred-pound gingerbread is baked to celebrate the birth of Peter the Great. Elizabeth fondles her fountain aigrette of diamonds and huge sapphires; Catherine has Jérémie Posier make her the ultimate crown with the ultimate ruby. (There are 64 color plates of these and other treasures!) Mushrooms grow up to the door of Mamontov's house at Abramtsevo. Rare teas sold at the Fair of Nizhni-Novgorod are packed in paper, lead, wooden chests, and cowskin. The famous cookbook of Elena Molokhovetsa tells us how to feed 26 unexpected guests using only two of our hanging hams. We give fabulously jeweled Fabergé eggs for the Russian Easter. Every twenty pages, the menu of a Russian meal goes on for a full paragraph.

Left critics have not liked this book: Mrs. Massie loves Old Russia; she stops at 1917, after which date Russia turned not only Red but grey. Academic historians have treated it harshly. In all the ways discussed above, it is not the kind of cultural history they demand: there are many errors; Mrs. Massie's enthusiastic, Romantic writing irritates them as scholars and, I suspect, as males.

So it is not a well-rounded academic work, and, if it were, it would not be the magic book it is. The demand for conventional sobriety in the face of such magic reveals the critics as irredeemable sourpusses. —Did you know that the water of the Neva as it flowed through St. Petersburg (before industrial pollution) was of such unrivaled purity that its ice was the most sought after, and the beer made with it was the most valued in All the Russias? □

How to Win Arguments
By William A. Rusher
Doubleday, 208 pp., $10.95

SAUSAGE MEETS GRINDER

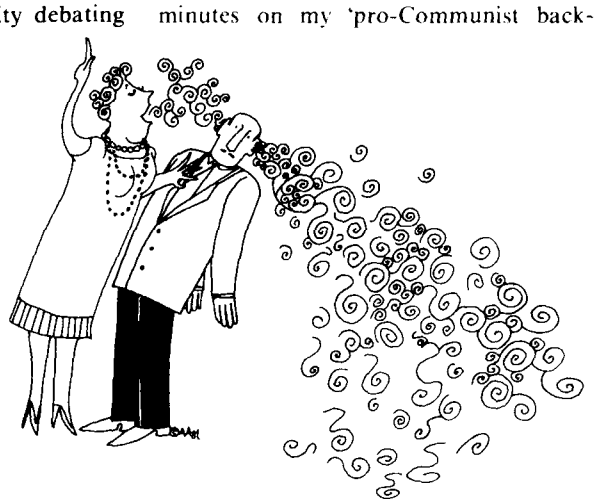
NEAL B. FREEMAN

There is probably a plucky fellow in Altoona, Pa. who thinks it would be fun to argue with William Rusher. Poor fellow. He may one day get his chance, for the peripatetic Rusher has been known to go to the corners of the earth for a good forensic scrap. (You thought the earth was round, novice? Rusher makes no *a priori* concessions.) Indeed, to read Rusher's lambent new book, *How to Win Arguments*, is to review the accumulated wisdom of a life of contention.

It all began (at the latest) in 1937, when the 13-year-old Rusher joined and, as he modestly puts it, "was soon running" his high-school debating club. It continued at Princeton, where Rusher captured the freshman debating prize and later managed the varsity debating team. Then came Harvard Law School where bright young persons are trained to turn the arts of contention to commercial, political, and other more or less useful purposes. To polish whatever rough edges remained, Rusher then joined Shearman & Sterling, Wall Street's largest law firm, where he became a litigator, and subsequently the staff of the Internal Security Subcommittee of the United States Senate, where he mastered the mechanisms for driving recalcitrant witnesses to the brink of candor and occasionally, one suspects, beyond. Completing his apprenticeship, Rusher was ready for the Big One—standing toe to toe with the Zeitgeist as the publisher of this journal for the last 24 years. As his readers, listeners, viewers, and opponents will swiftly concede, Rusher has mastered the skills of argumentation. (*There once was a man from Altoona . . .*)

I should admit immediately to a personal bias. There are those, this reviewer emphatically among them, who consider the present-day Rusher, as formidable as he is, a mellowed-out version of the Real Rusher. The latter creature, an implacable force, stalked the studios of late-night radio shows in the early Sixties. In those days Barry Gray, Barry Farber, and Long John Nebel were the princes of talk radio, and William Rusher was the knight errant. The setting was always the same; three people would take their places around the broadcast table: the host, Rusher, and an inadequately briefed opponent. The program would begin with a sharp attack by Rusher on the opponent's position, expanded quickly into a broadside against the group sharing his views, and topped with a Rusherian fusillade of prescriptive indignation.

From the opponent there would at first be no sound whatsoever—dead air, as they say in radio—and then a soft gurgling noise, the kind of noise that escapes from bodies pulled from the surf by lifeguards and tossed up on the beach. Ninety minutes later, wiser and much more than ninety minutes older, Rusher's opponents would stagger from the studio mumbling, "Jesus, the producer said we were going to talk about municipal finance and we spent 45 minutes on my 'pro-Communist back-



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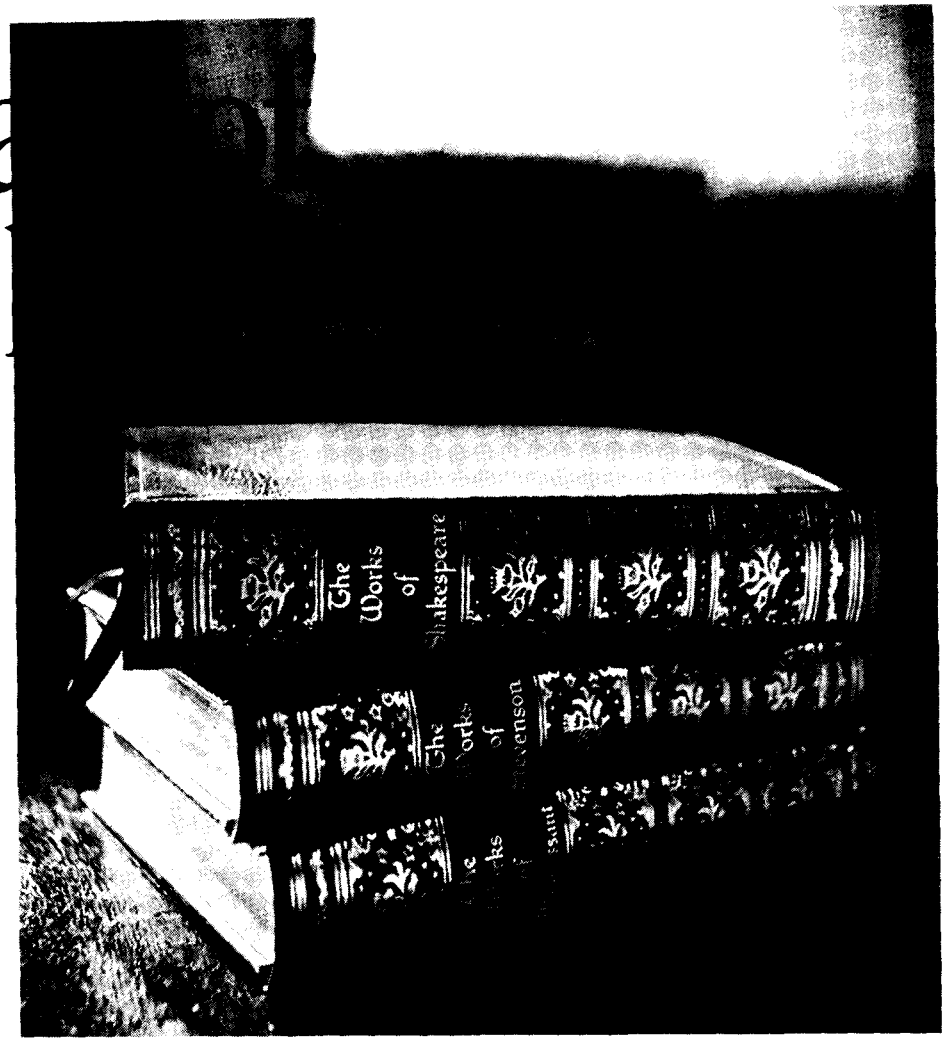

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ground' "; or "I don't care how many books this show sells. It wasn't worth it"; or "If my secretary ever books me in the same state with this guy again, she's gone." (To give you the flavor of these exchanges, there are earwitnesses who claim they heard Rusher say to an agonizingly well-intentioned environmentalist, "Do you realize that if your beloved Sierra Club had been around a few million years ago the world today would be overrun with dinosaurs?")

The golden days of high-energy radio may be gone forever, but the lessons linger on. In this volume, Rusher has remembered, refined, and improved upon the techniques he developed and the techniques he has envied in others. At the very end he includes nuggets of argumentational wisdom from the contemporary debaters he most admires: William Buckley, Michael Harrington (the poor man's Michael Harrington, that is), Howard Miller (Rusher's old sparring mate on *The Advocates*), and a few lustrous others. (Daniel Patrick Moynihan, when asked to identify *his* toughest opponent, names Robert McNamara, a "master of data, much of it mistaken, but none of it refutable.")

BEFORE we reach this rich dessert, however, there is much meat and potatoes—spare, sparkling advice on how to define the issue, how to size up the opposition, how to marshal the facts, how to frame the rhetorical question, how to appeal to principle, and, yes, how to tend—or uproot—the planted axiom. Although there is ample nourishment for the professional advocate, the purpose here, fully redeemed by the non-technical text, is to provide a "useful guide for laymen through the thickets of daily argumentation." Taxicab drivers, bureaucrats, and mothers-in-law should be apprised accordingly.

The advice so copiously and shrewdly dispensed here is morally neutral, which is to say that it can be put to the service of either side of the question. When Rusher draws anecdotally from his own experience, however, it is clear that he brings more than a mechanic's skills to the contentious life. He brings, as well, a highly developed sense of (you'll excuse the expression) right and wrong. There can't be many public figures, I should think, from whom this rationale for the torpedo-damning approach to public debate would issue plausibly: "But pulling one's punches may also have the side-effect of letting falsehood off too easily for the audience's (or even the opponent's) long-range good." In this book, as elsewhere in Rusher's life, falsehood can forget about plea-bargaining. We're talking life sentences.

Nowhere was this point more plainly or publicly made than on the PBS-TV series *The Advocates*, which pitted Rusher, wearing the conservative trunks, against a Village People assortment of leftists and liberals. In this book, Rusher replays some of the great moments. The most striking, to my eye at least, was his encounter in 1974 with Allan Goodman, a newly doveish professor from Clark University. Rusher had spotted a weakness in Goodman's position. He bores in . . .

Rusher: If I may quote exactly what you said, "American military and economic support to the Thieu Government is absolutely crucial."
Goodman: Yes.
Rusher: That was wrong?
Goodman: Yes, and I admit it.

Well, there you have it. That would be enough for most of us, but if you're curious as to what satisfactions lie beyond the realm of unconditional surrender, stay tuned.

Rusher: Why was it wrong?
Goodman: Because the fundamental problem that Thieu faces today is political and economic.
Rusher: Was it then?
Goodman: No, I wasn't sure what it was then.
Rusher: You weren't sure. Are you sure now?
Goodman: Yes, I am.

Rusher: So now that you've changed your mind, you're right?
Goodman: No more than any of us are right.
Rusher: Exactly. We're all right and wrong, so it doesn't matter. But in any case, you were wrong?
Goodman: That's right.

After finishing this marvelous little book, I'd just like to say, quite publicly, "Hey, Bill. I'm on your side, good buddy." □

SWELL LETTERS

King of Kings: A Novel of the Life of David
By Malachi Martin
Simon & Schuster, 480 pp., $15.95

DROPPING THE EPHOD

DAVID BRUDNOY

David, son of Jesse, ancestor of Jesus, is not worshipped the way Jesus is worshipped, as the Son of God; yet the problem for those who would enlarge upon the biblical record in 1 and 2 Samuel and the early chapters of 1 Kings is pretty much the problem faced by those who make movies about Jesus. It is the problem of enlarging upon the record in Scripture sufficiently to add to what we already know (or believe), without elaborating the story until it does violence to our understanding as presented in the Bible. We have all endured the Cecil B. De Milleing of the Bible and survived the experience, though, for me, Moses always pops into mind as Charlton Heston, while David and Bathsheba are dead ringers for Gregory Peck and Susan Hayward.

Never mind; it's time for a new impression of my royal namesake, and Malachi Martin, the author of *The Final Conclave*, has undertaken the chore with mixed results. Dr. Martin's David is a blond, blue-eyed, muscular, brutal, vengeful fellow, consumed by a mission and undermined by excess: in Martin's story he is the first modern man, the originator of love poetry, father of the nation-state, destined by God to mold His people into a cohesive whole, a stickler for the letter if not the spirit of the law (of David). *This* king of kings,

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST OF AUGUST: In *The Secret Life of the Unborn Child* (Summit, $12.95), Thomas Verny, working with John Kelly, theorizes that pre-natal emotional development and a child's personality are affected by its mother's thought and feelings. Verny himself is a medical doctor who has drawn on his own professional experiences in writing his book. . . . Oscar Handlin's *The Distortion of America* (Atlantic/Little-Brown, $10.95) consists of eight essays deploring the disarray of American foreign policy and the gullibility, cowardliness, and hedonism that have produced it.

■ SOME SEPTEMBER TITLES: *The Time of Stalin: Portrait of a Tyranny* (Harper & Row, $15) is by Anton Antonov-Ovseyenko, translated by George Saunders. The author is the son of a Bolshevik leader purged and killed by Stalin; his mother committed suicide in the camps, and Antonov-Ovseyenko was himself imprisoned. The book is a passionate attack on the *Stalinshchina*—the counter-revolutionary tyranny. Antonov-Ovseyenko lives on (precariously?) in Moscow.

Blue Smoke and Mirrors: How Reagan Won and Why Carter Lost the Election of 1980 (Viking, $14.95), by Jack W. Germond and Jules Witcover, stresses the importance of Kennedy's disastrous Mudd interview, the hostage crisis, a poor economy, and Carter's failure to "demonize" Reagan as leading factors in the outcome of last fall's presidential race.

Humphrey Carpenter's *W. H. Auden: A Biography* (Houghton Mifflin, $15.95) is the first major biography of the poet. . . . *The Oxford Book of American Literary Anecdotes* (Oxford, $15.95), edited by Donald Hall, is full of many fine plums: delightful reading.

William Feaver's *Masters of Caricature: From Hogarth and Gilray to Scarf and Levine* (Knopf, $25) also includes Cruikshank, Daumier, Doré, Nast, Beerbohm, David Low, and others. It is a handsome and engrossing volume. —CW

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in short, is very much the man we meet in the Bible.

And this David is also very much Malachi Martin's invention. Consider three problematic items in David's career: 1) the transporting of the Ark of the Covenant to Jerusalem by David the King; 2) David's relationship to Jonathan, son of King Saul; and 3) David's involvement with Bathsheba (or Bathsheva, as Martin renders the name).

1. We read in 2 Samuel 6: 12 and 14: "So David went and brought up the ark of God from the house of Obededom into the city of David with gladness. . . . And David danced before the Lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod." 2 Samuel 6: 20-23 tells us that David's wife, Michal, Saul's daughter, chastised her husband for shamelessly uncovering himself. David puts Michal in her place: "It was before the Lord, which chose me before thy father, and before all his house, to appoint me ruler over the people of the Lord, over Israel: therefore will I play before the Lord. And I will yet be more vile than thus, and will be base in mine own sight: and of the maidservants which thou hast spoken of, of them I shall be had in honor."

Dr. Martin has David shedding all but the sacred stole, the ephod; "Just for one transfiguring instant he was motionless and naked." This is in the preface. Later, as the narrative catches up to that instant, Martin indicates that David, king of the Hebrews, was truly naked, as on 42nd Street in the XXX parlors.

2. We read in 1 Samuel 20: 17: "And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him: for he loved him as he loved his own soul."

Dr. Martin has the distraught Saul berating his son, on account of Jonathan's friendship with David. "'You,' Saul said, suddenly switching his gaze down from the ceiling to glare at Jonathan with burning eyes, 'you filthy sodomite, you faggot whelp of a whoring mother! Don't think you fool us! I know you have slept with that smelly stallion!'

"'Father! Father!' Jonathan cried, half rising.

"'And where were you the other night? Kelebai couldn't find you in your bed! Out polluting yourself with him, he soiling you with his sweat and filth! Abomination in Israel."

3. 2 Samuel 11: 1-27 has David coveting Bathsheba, bedding her, arranging for her husband's death, and, you'll recall, mightily displeasing the Lord.

Dr. Martin gives full expression to his novelistic talent and establishes an elaborate plan, hatched by Bathsheba's grandmother, for the seduction of David. There follows a wondrous romantic episode, on the balcony, at table, in the bedroom; and from this relationship with another man's wife David (Martin's David) learns the meaning of love. Bathsheba crops up again in the Bible, looking out for her son, Solomon, and interceding on behalf of another of David's sons with *her* son, now the king. Martin gives us this, of course, and has her remaining, if not David's bedmate, his closest pal or at least one of his closest; the other being an Egyptian scholar whom I cannot find portrayed in Scripture.

King of Kings flirts with all of the potential trouble-spots in the scriptural accounts—flirts, and more. An article of faith in some current homosexual literature is that David and Jonathan were lovers; Dr. Martin doesn't say as much, he merely allows Saul to assume it. De Mille built his David around the Bathsheba episode; Martin pays homage to that image by moving Bathsheba from the periphery to the center of David's emotional growth. David exposing himself on the streets of Jerusalem in a transport of joy in the spirit of Adonai? I'd best leave to biblical scholars the interpretation of those few words in 2 Samuel 6.

The book, let's remember, is a modern novel by a very modern man. It is selling like hotcakes, and a television mini-series is in at least the talking stages. The David of the Bible is fascinating enough, to be sure, but modern taste requires a David of monumental passions: hideous in his tortures, explicitly a titan of emotion and in many ways a monster in action, a giant of appetite.

King of Kings, however, is much more than the sum of its frequently jarring parts. It presents us with a David who embodied his time, who, like the brilliant if overreaching politician that he surely was, knocked heads together to make 12 factious tribes coalesce into a people. If this David is more ambiguous sexually than we were told in Sunday (or, in my case, in Hebrew) school; if this David is more explicit in his ghastly meting out of punishment; if he is a Renaissance man to the author and a bitter friend and implacable foe to the end, such that, to the reader, he becomes insufferable: still, Martin's David is virile, fully comprehensible, exceedingly difficult to shake from mind.

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King David according to Malachi Martin will take its place alongside the cinema epics of De Mille: jazzy, sizzling, bold, and memorable. □

TELEVISION

MAKING PASSAGE

JOSEPH SOBRAN

"It is ridiculous to keep arguing about whether the media (together with the other reverberators of public opinion) are biased. They are so organically and totally biased that they are not aware of their bias, any more than a healthy man is aware of his breathing and heartbeat."

So wrote James Burnham in these pages in 1975, and what follows is mere footnote. At times I find it unbelievable that media people could be unconscious of how slanted their reporting is; but I suppose they are.

Consider NBC's Tom Pettet. In 1980, the morning after the Iowa caucuses, which George Bush won, he announced that Ronald Reagan was finished in politics. Simple bad judgment, or was the wish father to the thought? I wasn't sure until June 1981, during the budget debates, when Pettet's reportage featured a parade of the "victims" of Reagan's budget cuts—welfare mothers, college students, and the like—spliced into the footage to denounce Reagan's inhumanity to man. (A friend tells me that Pettet's coverage of the abortion controversy "sounded like it came straight out of Elly Smeal.")

Is this sort of thing even reportage? It involves selective interviewing and careful editing, clearly aimed at embarrassing the Administration. Why does he not present the "other side"?

Pettet probably doesn't think there is another side. Ever since Michael Harrington came up with the brilliant idea of "the other America," "the invisible land," in which poverty is allegedly "hidden" under the (deceptive) appearance of a prosperous America, it has become the mark of the Higher Awareness, the Raised Consciousness, to speak knowingly of all the misery out there which the benighted middle class knows not of. Thus the *Washington Post* came up with "Jimmy," the eight-year-old addict—and, even after the "Jimmy" story was exposed as a hoax, with another piece in the same vein, about "hidden hunger" in the nation's capital. People who write such stuff think they are merely exposing facts when in reality they are *im*posing ideological categories *on* the facts. As I have written elsewhere, the poverty problem in America was not discovered by empiricists, but deduced by socialists like Harrington, who reasoned that where there is capitalism there must be concomitant misery. The great victim-hunt is still on, only now it poses as disinterested investigation. Pettet has probably read Harrington; he is certainly under his influence, if only indirectly; and he has almost certainly never read Friedrich von Hayek.

Another telltale touch: on CBS, Dan Rather refers to "the so-called Moral Majority." I've never heard him refer to "the so-called National Organization for Women." Conservative movements are denied even the privilege of *naming* themselves. (For a long time it was "the so-called right-to-life movement.")

THE ideological problem has become a cognitive problem. The "Establishment" is always assumed to be right-wing, greedy, and probably corrupt, and "investigative journalism" means ransacking the Establishment's files for proof of its viciousness and mendacity. (Investigating the Left is "McCarthyism," and investigating the *liberal* establishment—why, who would want to do that? What on earth would you investigate?)

Consider the Timerman case. A man I know, just back from several months in Buenos Aires, told me that listening to Timerman describe Argentina is like listening to Jane Fonda describe America. Not that he is necessarily lying, my acquaintance said (this was before the *New York Times* reported that Timerman had acknowledged to his interrogators what he had failed to mention in his book, namely that he had been arrested for his association with David Graiver), but that his account was very partial and distorted, his experience of Argentina for two years having been limited to the inside of a cell.

But with a sure sense of how to handle the American media, Timerman presented himself as a victim of neo-Nazism, arrested and tortured for being a Jew. The result was predictable, if you know the laws governing Hive behavior: Timerman's experience was given instant priority over all other testimony about Argentina. The perception of one individual was treated as a definitive portrait of Argentine life. A large, unique, and complex country was reduced to one more sadistic banana republic.

To see that the Timerman case received due gravity of attention, Bill Moyers moderated a ninety-minute panel discussion. The panel was evenly divided, but Moyers wasn't. In his introduction he summed up the distinction between authoritarian and totalitarian governments by saying they were both dictatorial, but that authoritarians were "anti-Communist" and "pro-American."

Moyers is exactly, but I mean precisely, the sort of phenomenon I have in mind when I refer to the Hive. He is nowhere near Communism. But he can be counted on to pick up and respond to the resonances of the Left, as by acquired instinct. Like so many other ex-Southerners, ex-Catholics, feminists, etc., he has moved upward socially by moving eastward culturally and leftward politically, renouncing his own roots.

He is even partly conscious of his own acculturation to Eastern liberalism. In a "report" on the Moral Majority some months back, he softened his attack with a telling touch of nostalgia: "I know the people in this report. I was born and reared among them. They're my kin. Although long ago I made passage to another place and culture, to another way of seeing and believing, I still hear at certain times with affection echoes of their prayers and hymns."

When we listen to Middle American types like Pettet and Rather deliver the news, we should bear in mind that they too have "made passage to another place and culture." They have internalized all the correct responses; they are on guard against betraying the be-

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nighted down-home attitudes they have been taught to despise. How much clearer things would be if I. F. Stone and Alger Hiss were the anchormen. □

FILM

ORDINARY LIVING

JOHN SIMON

How does one explain the success, critical and public, of an insignificant concoction such as Alan Alda's *The Four Seasons*? One cause might be the chance to see such beloved TV performers as Carol Burnett, Alan Alda, and some of the rest on the big screen, where, among other things, they can address themselves to such serious matters as the effects of one couple's loud copulations on two other friendly couples separated only by the thin partitions of a rented yacht. The other cause, though, must be that the three closely coexisting married couples of the film (written and directed by Alda) represent ordinary people dealing with such ordinary vicissitudes as divorce, maladjusted children, problematic remarriage, and splitting a restaurant bill among friends who did not each eat and drink the same amount.

Mostly, *The Four Seasons* is about varieties of friendship, fondness, and love as they affect plain middle-class people who take their vacations together. Already the idea of four vacations—one each season, and each introduced by the appropriate section of Vivaldi's "The Seasons" (not "The Four Seasons," by the way!)—smacks of gimmickry. How many trios of average couples can afford—financially and emotionally—four fairly lavish annual vacations in one another's company, year after companionable year? Such things exist only in a sit-com writer's schematizing imagination. But let's concede the point and consider what Alda's views of, and insights into, such (ugh!) togetherness are. Jack Weston is a Jewish dentist married to Rita Moreno, an Italo-American. His chief characteristics are materialism, pettiness about money, and all kinds of neurotic fears, mostly about dying. Her specialties are lust for life, kidding her husband, and ostentatious pride in her Italianness. Stereotypes? You bet your *tuches* and *culo*!

Then there is Len Cariou, the insurance man who calls himself an economic planner, the showy sport of the group, who is married to the ultraneurotic and insipid Sandy Dennis. She has taken up photography out of desperation, but shoots only vegetables, and even them only separately, not miscegenetically. Lastly, there is Alda, a voluble lawyer, emotionally repressed yet given to fulsome speeches about the joys of living and friendship, and to officiously analyzing situations while keeping himself strictly *hors de combat*; and his wife, Carol Burnett, the *raisonneuse* of the sextet, full of down-to-earth wisdom that is never lacking for salt, pepper, and perhaps two other tart seasonings.

One of the main problems besetting this bantering, bickering, basically affectionate coterie is Cariou's divorcing Miss Dennis, after umpteen years of marriage and almost as many of shared vacations, in order to start bringing on trips and then marry Bess Armstrong, a pretty, sexy, much younger, but not overbright stewardess. The other couples are bothered both by the overflow of lovey-dovey carryings on between these two by day, and by their profuse and thunderous lovemaking by night and day. And also by the two other husbands' obvious but hotly denied hankering after the toothsome Bess. The other main problem is how to survive so much vacational contiguity without having acrimony set in.

Needless to say, the first problem is overcome by magnanimous good humor on everyone's part, even that of the abandoned wife, with whom the group collides on an autumn weekend at the college conveniently attended by their various offspring. The second is dealt with by having everyone's condition improve in the end. Thus Alda and Miss Burnett gain a clearer picture of the deep-rooted goodness of their marriage after releasing a few repressed resentments; Miss Dennis is on her way to becoming a successful commercial photographer; Weston is saved from a lake whose ice he has fallen through, but his Mercedes (in a totally improbable scene) is drowned, which should eventually teach him that material things are not what is most important, though at the moment he still bellyaches: "What am I going to do with a rusty Mercedes?" And Cariou, of course, has that beautiful, sexy, loving young wife.

How does *her* condition improve? She loses her patience at last, accuses the others of preferring the ex-wife and treating her like a dummy, and runs out into the winter wilderness. By staying out all night and almost causing Weston's death by drowning, she asserts her identity, proves that she is no dummy, and can look forward to full membership in the sextet and fun vacations for the rest of her life. Even stupidity is only a light-hearted gag in *The Four Seasons*, to be countermanded and redeemed by another, presumably conclusive, gag in this best of all sit-com worlds.

I WON'T SAY there isn't some genuine good humor here ("Your thoughts fall down from your brain onto your tongue like a gumball machine") or some not so good humor that good acting has salvaged (as when Jack Weston responds to Alda's oversolicitous "What can I do for you?" with a calm, superbly delivered, "Well, first of all you can take your arm off my shoulder and stick it up your arse"). And there are bits of plot that are funny, too, and once or twice even become pointed, though not poignant. Unfortunately, Alda's direction is comic-routine stuff, and Victor Kemper's perennially sere cinematography makes one season —autumn—out of all. The big trouble, however, is that the film offers no special insight on what purports to be its fundamental subject, the interplay of love and camaraderie to the ultimate benefit of both.

Why is that? You could say that Alda is too shallow and inept, or that we live in a world so clotted with television that we can no longer see the woods we are lost in for the TV aerials. But there is more to it. We seem to have too many experiences—or can turn whatever happens to us into TV comedy or drama and thus into "experiences"—to be able to savor and value any single experience for what it is worth. The movie is simply overcrowded with underexamined incident. But there is good acting, especially in the fine balance between farce and seriousness struck by Carol Burnett, the cogent timing and restrained mug-

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ging of Jack Weston, and the intelligent and sympathetic enactment of silliness by Bess Armstrong. The only bad, worse than bad, performance comes from Sandy Dennis, who, whatever her role, always portrays a psyche in a state of advanced decomposition and makes me either giggle nervously or want to call an ambulance.

IF YOU WANT to know what enjoying a cup of tea or a glass of sherry and other aspects of ordinary living are really about, I passionately recommend *Stevie*, Robert Enders's film, written by Hugh Whitemore from his own play. Stevie Smith was a London poet who died in 1971, aged 69. She lived a small life in the suburb of Palmers Green, most of it with an aunt to whom she was devoted. She also wrote small poetry midway between doggerel and genius, yet one of her poems, "Not Waving but Drowning," is a lasting contribution to English verse, and some others are not far behind. Stevie Smith was a classic British eccentric who saw the ordinary from a fiercely offbeat but spontaneous and unattitudinizing vantage point, and her life was full of small, sad, funny, provocative contradictions. The movie uses many of her poems and other writings, and is at least two-thirds monologue in the flat shared by the sweetly unintellectual aunt and the bizarre but shrewd poet. It is minimally cinematic and maximally humane, warm, and touching, so that you care about nothing but Stevie and her Lion aunt, as she called the leonine-looking but lamblike and foxy old lady.

Glenda Jackson, though visually and temperamentally wrong for Stevie, does a powerful piece of acting and poetry reciting, and sustains interest where monotony might have obtruded. As the aunt, Mona Washbourne is sensational: no one has ever portrayed the simple pleasures and displeasures of living with greater raciness, plasticity—indeed profundity—and yet so modestly and unhistrionically. It is a great embodiment, way beyond mere performing. There is excellent supporting work from Trevor Howard and less good from Alec McCowen, also superb cinematography from Freddie Young, the old master. *Stevie* is about nothing more or less than living and dying; it cuts close to the bone (often the funny one) and goes straight for the viewer's heart. It is also, almost coincidentally, genuine art. □

DANCE

VISITING ROYALTY

LINDA BRIDGES

From the news-monger's perspective, the high point of the Royal Ballet's visit to New York was the gala *Sleeping Beauty* attended by Prince Charles. That evening wasn't bad for the connoisseur of tradition either. *Sleeping Beauty*, after all, was the culmination of the Royal's effort, in the Thirties, to bring the Russian classics into the permanent Western repertory. It was with *Sleeping Beauty* that the company reopened the Royal Opera House after the Second World War, and with *Sleeping Beauty* that it triumphantly began its first American tour, in 1949.

There is also a certain cachet to performing *Sleeping Beauty* before royalty. Happily, the current production restores the often-omitted coda, in which Tchaikovsky turns from the Frenchified prettiness of the rest of the last act to a Slavic magnificence that conjures up what was best in the Russia of the Czars.

As a matter of actual performance quality, however, the Royal right now is tending to do better by its own creations than by the nineteenth century classics, which require large numbers of first-rate soloists. A decade ago, when the Royal's top ballerinas included Margot Fonteyn, Merle Park, Antoinette Sibley, and Monica Mason, and the second ranks included Lesley Collier, Jennifer Penney, and Ann Jenner, allocating roles must have been hellish, but it was a no-lose situation for the audience.

The top dancers today are just fine. In that gala *Sleeping Beauty* Jennifer Penney was a radiant Aurora. She always seems to embody the music rather than following it, and her balances are forever. David Wall's Prince was suitably charming and technically brilliant. The other familiar faces were also up to standard—Michael Coleman as Florestan (actually, his face was not so familiar under that wig, but he quickly made himself known with a manège that few non-Kirov-trained dancers do), Merle Park as Princess Florine, and Wayne Eagling as the Bluebird. The second ranks, however, remind us again how rare it is for someone to excel in more than one style. As the Lilac Fairy, for example, Marguerite Porter lacked both dramatic authority and crispness of attack; but the next evening, as Nataliya Petrovna in Ashton's "A Month in the Country," she was perfectly splendid.

"A Month in the Country," based on a play by Turgenev and set to music by Chopin, fills a lacuna left when Ashton's Romantic masterpiece "Marguerite and Armand" dropped out of the Royal's repertory (for Ashton has never let anyone replace Fonteyn and Nureyev in the title roles). "A Month in the Country," though, is less full-blown Romantic than its predecessor; in it, passion is tempered by a Chekhovian edge of cynical sadness.

The Russianness of this piece is fitting, for the Royal's "English style" has deep Russian roots—the Petipa classics first of all; but also Diaghilev/Fokine, and the Soviet choreographers of the Thirties. Ashton's very Mediterranean "Daphnis and Chloë" departs from Fokine's original; yet it is reminiscent of other Ballets Russes works– as, in a different way, is the Eastern exoticism of Ashton's new abstract "Rhapsody," in which Anthony Dowell looked a trifle bizarre in a pearl and gold-mesh costume, but whipped through the pirouettes like a whirlwind.

The Soviet influence is seen more in MacMillan's narrative ballets. Which brings me to the new, full-length *Isadora*. MacMillan would get my award for largest number of works I dislike by a favorite choreographer; *Isadora* qualifies for both parts of this award. At its worst moments it is like lesser Béjart—a mixed-medium piece in which the mixture has curdled. The contrast between the grace and expressiveness of Isadora Duncan's movements (as danced

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

JAMES L. TYSON'S *Target America: The Influence of Communist Propaganda on U.S. Media* (Regnery, $12.95) is a poor book worth reading. The argument is embarrassingly weak when you consider the glittering array of journalistic personalities it takes on, but there is nevertheless a good deal of interesting stuff here, and the chapters on how the media distorted the bombing of Cambodia and how the USSR took the offensive against Washington's development of the neutron bomb are convincing and infuriating.

"While many observers in the U.S. and abroad," Tyson writes, "have been alarmed and mystified by America's loss of will during the past decade, virtually no one has identified Communist propaganda as a principal cause. . . . [There have been] crises in American policy where media treatment of the issues can now be shown to have been based so clearly on *falsehoods* and at the same time *to have followed so closely the Communist line* that the treatment must have been executed either by Communist agents or sympathizers or by well-meaning people being manipulated. . . ."

Before World War II the Comintern devised propaganda at home and exported it; since the war the Soviets have become adept at stimulating "great numbers of people to follow a line simply by giving them clues to which they have accustomed themselves to respond." Tyson calls this "propaganda from within": its many agents, witting or unwitting, include sympathizers in citizens' committees, think-tanks, the media, and the government—a web of subversion he calls the Far Left Lobby: the Institute for Policy Studies and its malign satellites; the Rubin Foundation and the Stern Fund; the Campaign to Stop Government Spying; the National Lawyers Guild; National Congress on Latin America; the Campaign for Economic Democracy (that's the Hayden-Fonda outfit); Clergy and Laity Concerned; Seymour Hersh, Saul Landau, Morton Halperin, Gareth Porter . . . People like these, he believes, have been parroting Politburo press releases for years, and now are actually *composing* them: more and more, Communist publications recycle quotations from American sources to confound Washington with charges by its own citizens.

No sensible person doubts that the Soviet Union, which maintains the Lenin School strictly for the purpose of instructing students in the export of revolution and which has a propaganda apparatus second to none, sends fifth columnists and disinformation officers aplenty to the U.S., and that they are busy as beavers here at their work. The question is whether our home-grown leftists—from liberals to socialists to the much-attenuated American Communist Party—need to be put up to their tricks by Moscow.

TYSON POSITS a kind of institutionalized conspiracy for which most of his evidence is, by his own admission, circumstantial: most of the time (his discussion of the Letelier case is naturally an exception) he seems merely to be making the unstartling argument that leftists engage in left-wing activities with other leftists. Probably they engage in sex with them too—doing what comes naturally, and with no prompting from Moscow. Why is it alarming that the far Left should anticipate so often the Soviet line and that liberal journalists should circulate a somewhat watered-down version of it? Communism is a spawn of Western culture, purloined by Russian revolutionists. The Institute for Policy Studies, the National Lawyers Guild, didn't need Lenin to get them off on the left foot. *To the Finland Station!* . . . from the British Museum and Greenwich Village.

Liberals, socialists, Communists—they are people who have settled at points along a continuum. While they may disagree with each other's ideas, self-justifications, and self-vindications, they are adept at intuiting these, and turning them to their own ends. No Boris Ponomarev, no Grigory Zinoviev, is needed as band leader. □

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by Sandra Conley) and the sappy, vulgar highmindedness of her prose (spoken by Mary Miller) may have been the point; but the point was made long before the ballet ended. At its best, though, *Isadora* is at times like vintage MacMillan—and at times, one imagines, like Isadora herself. The dances for her may not be historically accurate, but they are consistent, and good.

The other new MacMillan works were far happier evocations of our modern past. "La Fin du Jour," according to MacMillan's program notes, was "inspired by fashion plates of an era and a way of life shattered forever by the Second World War"—a country-house and garden-party life in which Jennifer Penney, Merle Park, Wayne Eagling, and Julian Hosking (a newcomer, and excellent) indulge in a little classy oneupmanship before night falls. "Gloria," set to the Poulenc "Gloria," evokes the end of an earlier day, in World War I; tragic-faced doughboys approach slowly over the crest of a hill and are met by sad silvery ladies, as the music soars in joy.

THE ONE Royal original on this tour that was not by either Ashton or MacMillan was the old Robert Helpmann "Hamlet," a gorgeously overwrought period piece, rather as if Olivier's heavily psychologized film version had been restaged by Tom Stoppard's Dogg troupe, who faithfully compress all the action into 12 minutes. As Hamlet, Wayne Eagling was more convincingly tragic than Anthony Dowell; but since Dowell was reunited with his old partner Antoinette Sibley, returned after premature retirement and dancing Ophelia, no one was disposed to quibble.

If Dowell's acting was less than it might have been in "Hamlet," it was right on target in "A Month in the Country," where he brings an enchantingly bewildered ardor to the role of the tutor whose amours disrupt the Yslayev household. They also disrupt the happiness of Nataliya Petrovna's official admirer, Rakitin, played by Derek Rencher, whose Barrymoresque profile has graced the roles of decent chaps and rejected lovers for as long as I've been watching the Royal. And the evening closes with Sir Frederick Ashton taking a charmingly choreographed bow, and basking in the audience's gratitude not just for this evening but for so many evenings since he and the Royal joined forces 46 years ago. □

DELECTATIONS

NO SUCH THING AS A FREE GIFT

NIKA HAZELTON

The other day, as I was working at my self-appointed task of writing a book ("Why do you write books, Mrs. Hazelton?" "To make an honest living now that I'm too old to do anything else"), a parcel was left outside my door, like Moses among the bullrushes. It was an oblong basket, chastely covered with two napkins, wrapped high in cellophane; far from anything as joyous as an infant, however, it contained a bottle of an aperitif, a bottle of soda water, a box of nuts, and a box of licorice. Sounds like a free lunch, doesn't it?

I knew better. A few days later, the publicity firm which had dreamt up this truly unsolicited gift called, wanting to know if I needed more information and what was I going to write about it and when. Dear reader, I do not wish to bring a blush to your cheeks by telling you my answer. But it is an example of the desperation that seems to have seized the public-relations industry in its efforts to get publicity for the wares it is plugging. I am at the moment surrounded by 9½ pounds of assorted printed stuff explaining to me in full and unnecessary detail the doings of vineyards known and unknown, the composition of new wines down to the last chemical details, harvest forecasts, piles of releases about visiting importers, announcements, folders describing various wine-tastings (in one instance signed by the champagne maker himself), and so on. At best, about one-fourth of all of this is useful to a writer like myself.

I sort it out and keep what I need. But lately, publicity people have started sending out invitations for dinners at posh places which respectable wine and food writers don't feel grateful for, because they have already eaten in the restaurants and like to keep their evenings for themselves. Also, they know the phone calls that will inevitably follow: "Can I give you more information about so-and-so and so-and-so?" (meaning, What are you going to do about it and when?). Life has taught me that it is best to pay for one's own wine and food; but, alas, too many writers or would-be writers don't think so. Of course, the publicity people suffer horrible pressures from their clients, who, in most cases, demand at least three pounds of flesh.

This brings me to another phenomenon of our times—the inflated egos of French chefs and of winemakers. Chefs after all are cooks, whom one pays, if one can afford it, to cook for one—which does not mean that one has to fraternize with them except in fits of *nostalgie de la boue*. But the egos of the people who make wine are not to be believed—especially those from California (I don't think the Europeans have smaller egos, but they are better about keeping them under wraps).

THE *chic* and *kulturny* thing in America now is to own a vineyard, preferably with a winery, using thus the money made in less *chic* and *kulturny* pursuits like oil, manufacturing, and other commercial endeavors. Last year, no fewer than 107 new wineries opened throughout the United States, of which 61 were in California. Most of these new wineries make minuscule amounts of wine, but they sure send you a lot of material about it, despite the fact that you can't buy it anywhere but in California—in some cases, anywhere but at their wineries.

However, it is nice that people who can afford to do it want to make wine (even if it is for a tax loss or for some base social motive) because, in every case, they do *love* wine. And it is heartening to see that not all winemaking is done by big conglomerates like Coca-Cola or by commercial enterprises whose only motive is profit. After all, only a few aficionados are able to admire a collection of matchbox covers, but almost everybody enjoys a glass of wine.

NOTE: *Winners of our 1981 Delectations contest will be announced in my* next *column.* □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THOMAS HART BENTON: *A Portrait, by Polly Burroughs (Doubleday, 202 pp., $29.95).* During the Thirties and early Forties, when Tom Benton was a contributor to the magazine I then edited and I spent

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many weeks visiting him and his family on Martha's Vineyard, I recall occasions during superheated bouts on art and politics when Rita Benton's lusty voice would rise above all others with: "Tom, don't be vulgar!" It didn't occur to me that this warning could have applied to what was happening to Tom's art—and, of course, it wasn't intended to—but the reproductions of his paintings in Polly Burroughs's book, which focuses on the fifty years the Bentons spent in Chilmark, make the point without stating it. Sometime in the early Twenties—the dating of the paintings and drawings from that period is vague—Benton abandoned the painterly lyricism of "Moonlight over South Beach" (cover) and of the Cézanne-inspired pictures in the Barnes Foundation and Hirshhorn Collections for over-muscled caricatures and the jingoistic regionalism that brought him instant fame and sales when such vulgarity was in vogue. Jackson Pollock, who sometimes shared a shack with me at the Bentons' in those days and who shared my affection for Rita Benton, put it this way: "He came face to face with Michelangelo—and he lost. Art is coming face to face with yourself." Later on Jack admitted that Tom had done a great deal for him both as friend and as artist, but he added: "He drove his kind of realism at me so hard I bounced into non-objective painting." Great art is never made by bouncing. American painting had lost at its two extremes. Both men had abandoned what Pasternak calls "the eternal continuity of the happiness which is called art."

SELDEN RODMAN

NOT WORKING, *by Harry Maurer (Holt, Rinehart, 297 pp., $12.95).* Maurer, a *Nation* editor, copies the interview format and negatives the title of *Working* in hopes of selling his conversations with the unemployed to the huge audience won by the radio man from Chicago. That's how spinoffs work—by twisted resemblances—but Maurer's dies in flight. Where Studs Terkel is painstakingly neutral, appreciating the frustrations of workers but keeping his distance, Maurer sets forth a political program—to the left of Humphrey-Hawkins—even before the interviews begin. Where Terkel's people speak from backgrounds so diverse that, taken together, they sound as cacophonous as a steel mill, Maurer's are almost exclusively soreheads. With the maddening regularity of air hammers, they rattle off complaints about lousy bosses, boring work, and low pay. They inveigh against CETA cuts and skimpy welfare. They chart their emotional ups and downs with the technical precision of psychologists. (Just one of them is academically qualified to do so.) And what they don't say for themselves Maurer tries to say for them: "Work [is] an essential passage into the human community"; "To hold a job should be the right of every citizen"; etc. The impression he strives to create is that his subjects are desperate. But after they've finished griping, many admit that things aren't so bad and are likely to get better. For some, things are pretty good already. The driveway of one unfortunate contains a late-model Ford and a Honda motorcycle. An out-of-work librarian, undergoing what Maurer says is "trial by idleness," is on the verge of marriage and a honeymoon in Jamaica. She says, "I've resigned myself to the fact that my unemployment runs out right around the time we'll be getting back."

PAUL T. HORNAK

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[John F.] Suter:

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Can It Be True?

On The Right

New York, July 24—I wish to pass along, and then to evaluate, a rumor.

It is that President Carter and the European leaders never had any intention of deploying the Pershing and cruise missiles. Carter's motive (according to this thesis) was all along to bluff the Russians, in order to induce them to enter seriously into negotiations to withdraw their own theater missiles.

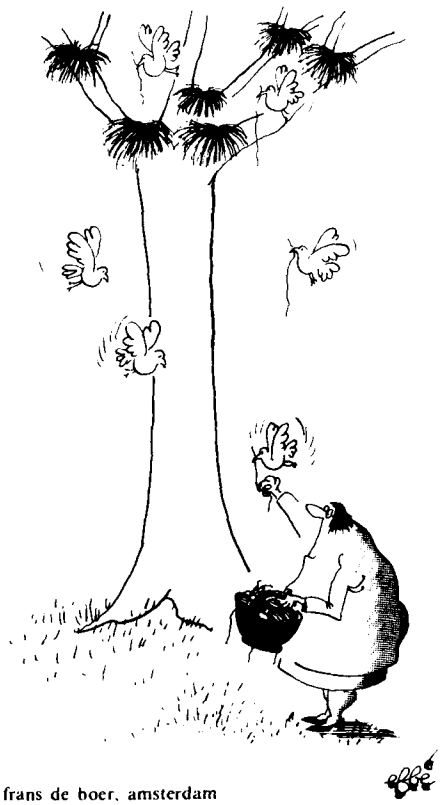
At this point, pause for a little technical glossary. The Pershing II medium-range ballistic missiles (MRBMs) are extremely fast and extremely accurate. It is proposed that in 1982 the work commence to make their deployment possible by the end of 1983—108 Pershings. The cruise missiles are intermediate-range ground-launched missiles (GLCMs). They are slower than the Pershings, but also highly effective. It is proposed that we deploy 464 of these. Both weapons, in the jargon of the trade, are known as long-range theater nuclear force (LRTNF).

Now the trouble with deploying these missiles, whose installation would radically alter the strategic balance to the benefit of the West, is that (the report advises) the Soviet leaders have said quite plainly that they will not "permit" it. Needless to say, they do not specify exactly how they propose to prevent its happening, but (the report goes on) the Soviets have apparently used language sufficiently forceful, which is to say threatening, to convince the Europeans that they mean business. We have here an interesting analogy to the missile crisis in Cuba in 1962, when we advised the Soviet Union that we would not "permit" the use of Cuba for strategic intermediate missiles. (The legend is that we succeeded.) The question, then, is whether Ronald Reagan will ease himself into Mr. Carter's stratagem and collude with the European chiefs of state to come up with a face-saving reason not to deploy.

Let us assume the report to be accurate. Now the existence of such missiles as are contemplated in Europe has the effect of giving to Europeans theater weapons with counterforce capability. Arguably, in possession of such an arsenal, European leaders could pre-empt a Soviet strike—and prevent a massive Soviet armed advance into Europe.

Now the West, if we speak of our allies and the United States as a single entity, already has a theater capability of a retaliative kind. If the decision is to deter the Soviet Union, our submarines, floating in European waters, are ready right now to go. They are *not* ready to take out Russian ICBMs, and probably not ready to cope with the theater SS-20s.

The installation of the theater weapons in Europe would potentially give to a separate political authority the weapons with which to make an invasion of Europe all but inconceivable. As things now stand the Europeans suspect what is certainly true, namely that the United States is not going to blow up the Soviet Union and bring on the extermination of America in order to keep the Berlin Wall from marching westward. In other words, the nuclear umbrella has gone. Either the Europeans will save themselves through the use of conventional NATO military strength or—not at all; the single exception being the deterrent potential of France's force de frappe.



frans de boer, amsterdam

If Europe were armed, and disposed to defend itself as convincingly as the Soviets were disposed to move westward, then indeed the Soviets would be checked. We could stay out of a European-Russian encounter, and Europe could stay out of a Russian-American encounter.

If, however, it is true that European leaders do not intend to deploy, then it is true that the Soviet Union has achieved what it necessarily must have as the preliminary to the Findlandization of Europe, namely a veto power over European military defense policy. If Mr. Carter indeed knowingly announced an agenda he had no intention to proceed with, then far from outwitting the Soviet Union, he went far in the direction of reifying their latent dominance over Western policy. The *Nuclear War Survival Bulletin* finds a lesson in all of this: "Anyone who tells a nation to turn down its thermostats should not be in charge of nuclear weapons policy." □

MITTERRAND AND THE COMMUNISTS

New York, July 20—It is never absolutely clear whether criticisms of General Haig are criticisms of what he does, or criticisms of him. Some time ago fuglemen of the Opposition, finding that most of their bullets turned to water when they aim at Ronald Reagan, started firing at Al Haig. Sometimes in his attempts to return the volley Mr. Haig confuses: as when recently he said that our relations with Communist China were improved after a three-year blight, declining to expand on this generality probably for the best of reasons, namely that not much sense could be made of the proposition.

But surely in the matter of the French Communists he is absolutely correct. France is bound to the United States by

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formal instruments, and by informal traditions. The cliché that one must not interfere in the internal affairs of another country has relieved a great many people of any responsibility for thinking. Oddly, the same folk who use that cliché are forever talking about the "interdependence" of the world community. We are, to a limited extent, interdependent. The appointment of Communists as members of the cabinet of a central ally of the United States is wrong for reasons symbolic and geopolitical. During this century American blood has twice watered the plains of France as the result of the failure of French diplomacy, and right now we are spending almost twice per capita as much as the French for common defense.

It is one thing for us to ask the French to permit us to run their foreign policy. This we aren't doing. We are, however, putting forward the basic postulates of American foreign policy with gyroscopic accuracy, and nobody has composed a better expression of this than Al Haig when he commented, "It's simply a fact of life that Communist regimes, whether they are closely affiliated with Moscow or not, pursue policies which are not consistent with those of the Western family of nations." Thus Haig expressed reservations which communicated simultaneously to our other allies in Europe.

MITTERRAND, it is widely said, is attempting several things. For one, he is "buying" industrial peace. This statement is supposed to be understood as a deference to the power exercised by the Communists over the largest French labor union. But it resists analysis. If Mitterrand cannot have industrial peace without giving Communists four cabinet positions, then what makes him think that he can have industrial peace if he embarks on a policy to which the Communists are opposed: for instance, either we deploy Pershing missiles, or you withdraw your SS-20s.

It is then averred that Mitterrand is subtly corrupting French Communist fealty to Moscow. Thus, the Communists were seduced into talking about the need for caution in respect to Poland, the right of the Afghans to self-rule, and the need for balanced withdrawal of weapons. But the French Communist Party, as was proved during the Hitler-Stalin Pact and a dozen times since, is capable of saying anything. Incapable, only, of effective resistance to Soviet foreign policy. The notion that Mitterrand, whose campaign stressed his differences with the Communists, would be the historical agent of a transmogrification of the French Communists is an indulgence in the kind of naïveté Al Haig precisely fears.

Things are not going well in Europe. The most haunting symbol of the past fortnight was Peregrine Worsthorne's sudden campaign for unilateral military disarmament. Worsthorne has for many years served the high function of articulating Tory principle, through his column in the London *Telegraph*, the Sunday edition of which he edits. It is as if the editor of the *Wall Street Journal* had come out for socializing the Fortune 500. The forces that mobilize around Soviet determination to dominate the world are the object of our foreign policy. And such symbols as the incorporation of Communists into democratic governments sap the spirit, and challenge the bona fides of what calls itself "democratic socialism." □

THE SECRET SURVEY

New York, July 28—"Ma'am, this is Dan Rather, CBS news. I'm conducting a poll. What do you think of the Reagan budget?"

"I type for a living. At home, because I have to babysit too. My husband left me, and I don't know where he is. Last year I averaged forty hours of typing every week. To earn the same money, after taxes, this year, I figured I'd have to type 47 hours. Under the Reagan plan, the tax reduction will let me stay at the forty-hour level, and just keep even. Keeping even isn't ideal, but it's better than before."

"Thank you, ma'am. But won't you miss those benefits?"

"What benefits?"

"Well, food stamps, child vaccination shots, you know."

"What did we do before food stamps?"

"Before food stamps? Why, a lot of people went hungry."

"Well, if anybody is hungry, they can come to me, and I'll type another five hours a week. But under Mr. Reagan's plan, they're only cutting down 12 per cent on the food stamps, and I figure that the top 12 per cent can find food, but if there's hardship, I'll pitch in. So will my church. So will the community chest people. As for the vaccination, I have an insurance plan. And there's a clinic here for the needy."

"Thank you, ma'am. Sir. Can I have your comments?"

"Yes sirree, you can have my comments. I've decided to expand! Signed the papers the other day. Prime plus two is pretty high interest, but I'm confident now something is being done that'll bring the interest down eventually, so a year from now there will be a new wing in my shoe store, specializing in sportswear. I've got the loan from the bank, and signed up with a construction company. It will cost me $100,000 before I'm through, but if the economy settles down I'll have it back in five, six years. Of course, I couldn't have swung it without the investment tax credit and the Kemp-Roth reductions."

"Young man, can I speak to you? What year are you in at school?"

"Got out of high school in May. Going to college in September."

"How are you going to pay your tuition?"

"I'll work part-time, my parents will help, about one-third. The other third's a problem. But I guess it's my problem, not Uncle Joe's."

"Who's Uncle Joe?"

"He's my uncle who is going to pay $550 less in taxes next year, he figures."

"Why should he pay less in taxes, when you need money to go to college?"

"I guess because it's his $550, not mine."

"Don't you believe in an educated citizenry?"

"What?"

"Don't you believe in an educated citizenry?"

"I don't know what that means. I thought you asked me if I intended to go to college. I said yes. If some people can't afford to go to college, I think that's too bad, but I don't think it's Uncle Joe's responsibility. We've got 40 per cent of our population going to college, England has 17 per cent. I haven't studied economics yet, but I guess if we're going to cut down our spending, we've got to cut down our spending."

"Er, thank you. Sir—can I interrupt you?—by the way, what are you reading, if I may ask?"

"The Democratic Platform of 1976."

"What's your profession, sir?"

"I'm a sadomasochist."

"Er, how will the Reagan economies affect you?"

"They'll hurt, which is okay. But not much. When I need my kicks, all I have to do is reread the Democratic Platform for 1976. It promises: a balanced budget, full employment, and an end to inflation! Every time I read that I feel tingly all over! Here, you want me to read some of it to you? It's a *great* sensation!"

"No. Thank you. We have run out of time. This is Dan Rather, and that's the end of the day's survey. Good night."

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Wrote for someone else — 158 137 215 96 140 219 73

B. Tried — 186 225 136 154 2 24 142 74 116

C. What the king was doing during the thunderstorm — 194 133 117 210 164 148 61 230

D. A type of battleship? — 216 181 192 43 170 35 211

E. Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won And our good Prince ___. — 226 10 165 44 77 62

F. A good place for a rat race? — 232 26 100 81 75 3 79 156 221

G. An informer — 30 8 70 102 41 16 189 51 82 95

H. One of Longfellow's heroes — 103 157 119 177 131 86 167 141

I. The Grand Canyon state — 4 19 14 7 22 40 25

J. Sifts — 126 222 122 196 5 144 63

K. Melodious — 173 37 50 92 65 87

L. A substitute for a prostitute in an ___ for the destitute — 183 220 105 123 231 152 143 166 38

M. What Thomas P. O'Neill is — 197 1 111 121 130 223 172 6 15 72 91 151

N. An engineer who became a famous poet — 12 106 67 201 125 227 113 28 52

O. A Socialist who studied under Wilson and delivered Harding's newspaper (no doubt) — 23 31 39 83 93 11

P. SEE SAME SNOW (anagram) — 18 169 178 33 198 132 138 155 191 49 57

Q. Thoroughfare seven blocks from *National Review* — 34 64 32 68 78 153 20 163 185 190 199 212 17 46 101 104 110 120

R. This is administered in extreme cases — 109 174 118 54 228 89 184

S. Having a magical quality — 115 187 135 42 229

T. Spurs from a range of hills — 134 29 98 139 58 176 146

U. Recoiled from physical pain — 204 188 60 203 180 159 127 90

V. Cabot's praying friend — 13 175 214 202 129 195

W. Annoyed — 48 9 45 145 160 107 99 150 94

X. A French sculptor (1834-1904) — 149 112 171 108 224 193 217 114 208

Y. American Revolutionary soldier who got up before breakfast — 168 36 124 128 162 71 147 179 206 209

Z. What the housewife did with the trading stamps — 66 161 218 205 200 182 213 53

a. Ten to the third power — 27 55 69 76 85 97 21 207

b. What the average Red Chinese soldier is — 47 56 59 80 84 88

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 918 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 M	2 B	3 F	4 I	■	S J	6 M	7 I	8 G	9 W	10 E	11 O	12 N	■	13 V	14 I	15 M	16 G	17 Q	■
18 P	19 I	20 Q	■	21 a	22 I	23 O	■	24 B	25 I	26 F	27 a		28 N	29 T	■	30 G	31 O	32 Q	■
33 P	34 Q	35 D	36 Y	37 K	38 L	■	39 O	40 I	■	41 G	42 S	43 D	44 E	45 W	46 Q	47 b	■	48 W	49 P
50 K	51 G	52 N	53 Z	■	54 R	55 a	56 b	57 F	58 T	■	59 b	60 U	61 C	62 E	63 J	■	64 Q	65 K	66 Z
67 N	■	68 Q	69 a	70 G	■	71 Y	72 M	73 A	74 B	75 F	■	76 a	77 E	78 Q	79 F	80 b	■	81 F	82 G
83 O	84 b	85 a	86 H	■	87 K	88 b	89 R		90 U	91 M	92 K	93 O	94 W	95 G	96 A	■	97 a	98 T	99 W
100F	101Q	■	102G	103H	104Q	■	105L	106N	107W	108X	109R	110Q	■	111M	112X	113N	■	114X	115S
116B	117C	118R	119H	120Q	121M	122J	■	123L	124Y	125N		126J	127U	128Y	129V	■	130M	131H	132P
133C	■	134T	135S	■	136B	137A	138P	■	139T	140A	141H	142B	143L	144J	■	145W	146T	■	147Y
148C	149X	150W	151M	152L	153Q	■	154B	155P	156F	157H	158A	159U	160W	161Z	162Y	163Q	164C	165E	■
166L	167H	168Y	■	169P	170D	171X	172M	173K	■	174R	175V	176T	■	177H	178P	179Y	180U	181D	182Z
183L	184R	185Q	■	186B	187S	188U	■	189G	190Q	191P	■	192D	193X	194C	195V	196J	■	197M	198P
199Q	■	200Z	201N	202V	203U	■	204U	205Z	206Y	207a	208X	209Y	210C	■	211D	212Q	213Z	■	214V
215A	216D	217X	218Z	■	219A	220L	221F	222J	223M	224X	225B	226E	227N	228R	229S	230C	■	231L	232F

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The Modern Little Red Hen.

Once upon a time, there was a little red hen who scratched about the barnyard until she uncovered some grains of wheat. She called her neighbors and said, "If we plant this wheat, we shall have bread to eat. Who will help me plant it?"

"Not I," said the cow.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Not I," said the pig.

"Not I," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did. The wheat grew tall and ripened into golden grain. "Who will help me reap my wheat?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Out of my classification," said the pig.

"I'd lose my seniority," said the cow.

"I'd lose my unemployment compensation," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen, and she did.

At last it came time to bake the bread. "Who will help me bake the bread?" asked the little red hen.

"That would be overtime for me," said the cow.

"I'd lose my welfare benefits," said the duck.

"I'm a dropout and never learned how," said the pig.

"If I'm to be the only helper, that's discrimination," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen.

She baked five loaves and held them up for her neighbors to see.

They all wanted some and, in fact, demanded a share. But the little red hen said, "No, I can eat the five loaves myself."

"Excess profits!" cried the cow.

"Capitalist leech!" screamed the duck.

"I demand equal rights!" yelled the goose.

And the pig just grunted. And they painted "unfair" picket signs and marched round and round the little red hen, shouting obscenities.

When the government agent came, he said to the little red hen, "You must not be greedy."

"But I earned the bread," said the little red hen.

"Exactly," said the agent. "That is the wonderful free enterprise system. Anyone in the barnyard can earn as much as he wants. But under our modern government regulations, the productive workers must divide their product with the idle."

And they lived happily ever after, including the little red hen, who smiled and clucked, "I am grateful. I am grateful."

But her neighbors wondered why she never again baked any more bread.

Material originally prepared by Pennwalt Corporation.

MILLIKEN & COMPANY
TEXTILE LEADERSHIP THROUGH RESEARCH

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Can you find the glue in this tree?

We at Boise Cascade haven't been able to... yet.

Trees, you see, are full of glue. It's called lignin, and it holds the wood fibers together.

This means the sheets, or veneers, we use to make plywood are already full of natural adhesives, and yet, we have to apply a glue made from crude oil to get them to stick together.

We haven't been able to find a way to fully activate the lignin those veneers are full of, to "awaken" it, make it sticky.

If we could, they'd stick together naturally, and we'd cut oil consumption and manufacturing costs.

That's why we're working with university and industry groups to find ways to awaken the lignin in those veneers. We're not there yet, but we're getting close.

Working to get glue from trees is an example of our kind of resource management, the kind that produces jobs, products, profits and thriving forests.

Boise Cascade Corporation
Wood and paper for today, trees for tomorrow.

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